

THE  
WORLD.

BY  
*ADAM FITZ-ADAM.*

VOLUME THE FIFTH.

— *Facta est immensi copia Mundi.*

OVID.



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WORLD  
BY  
ADAM FITZ-RODMAN  
VOLUME THE FIFTH





T O

*Soame Fenyns, Esq;*

One of the Lords Commission-  
ers for Trade and Plantations.

S I R,

**T**O promote the circulation of  
these small volumes, by li-  
miting their number to no more  
than six, it was thought adviseable  
to put a stop to the paper of the  
WORLD, at a time when the de-  
mand for it greatly exceeded my  
expectations, and while it was the  
only fashionable vehicle, in which  
men of rank and genius chose to  
convey

## DEDICATION.

convey their sentiments to the public. To extend this circulation (for I confess myself a very self-interested Person) I have separately addressed the five first volumes to those of my correspondents whose pieces are the most numerous, and whose names and characters do me the greatest honour. It will not, therefore, I hope, displease you, if among these favourite names you happen to discover your own; it being impossible for me to say any thing more to the advantage of this work, than that many of the essays in it were written by MR. JENYNS.

*I am, S I R,*

*Your Most Obliged and Most  
Obedient Humble Servant,*

ADAM FITZ-ADAM.

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# THE WORLD.

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NUMB. 140. THURSDAY, *September 4, 1755.*

**T**HE report of the king of France's having lately forbidden the coffee-houses at Paris to take in any English news-papers, was no more than I expected, after having in the WORLD of last Thursday was se'n night, so plainly and openly declared my intentions of making all men politicians. But though his most christian majesty has thought proper to keep his subjects in the dark as to the science of politics, yet I hear with pleasure that his emissaries in this city are buying up large numbers of these my lucubrations, for the private perusal of that monarch and his ministers, and that a council is ordered to attend the reading of them as soon as they arrive. But for very good reasons, I have

VOL. V.

B

thought



thought proper to change my intentions, and not to meddle with matters of state; at least for the present. Indeed, to confess the truth, I have lately received full conviction that, great as my knowledge is in politics, there are those at the head of affairs that know to the full as much as myself. Success is not always in our power; but if we are really to enter into a war with France, I have the pleasure of assuring the common people of England, that they may depend upon its being as well conducted, as if they had the entire management of it in their own hands, or even if I myself was to preside at all their meetings for settling plans and operations.

THIS and other reasons have enclined me for the present to lay aside politics, and to go on in the old way, mending hearts instead of heads, or furnishing such amusements as may fix the attention of the idle, or divert the schemes of the vicious for at least five minutes every week. Of this kind is the following little piece, which I received some time since from a very ingenious correspondent, who entitles it

A MEDITATION among the BOOKS.

FROM

FROM every thing in nature a wise man may derive matter of meditation. In meditations various authors have exercised their genius, or tortured their fancy. An author who meant to be serious, has meditated on *the mystery of weaving*: an author who never meant to be serious, has meditated on a *broomstick*: let me also meditate; and a *library of books* shall be the subject of my meditations.

BEFORE my eyes an almost innumerable multitude of authors are ranged; different in their opinions, as in their bulk and appearance; in what light shall I view this great assembly? Shall I consider it as an ancient legion, drawn out in goodly array under fit commanders? or as a modern regiment of writers, where the common men have been forced by want, or seduced through wickedness into the service, and where the leaders owe their advancement rather to caprice, party favour, and the partiality of friends, than to merit or service?

SHALL I consider ye, O ye books! as a herd of courtiers or strumpets, who profess to be subservient to my use, and yet seek only your own advantage? No; let me consider

this room as the great charnel-house of human reason, where darkness and corruption dwell ; or, as a certain poet expresses himself,

*Where hot and cold, and wet and dry,*

*And beef, and broth, and apple-pye*

*Most slovenly assemble.*

WHO are they, whose unadorned rayment bespeaks their inward simplicity ? They are *law books, statutes, and commentaries on statutes.* These are *aëts of parliament*, whom all men must obey, and yet few only can purchase. Like the SPHYNX of antiquity, they speak in ænigma's, and yet devour the unhappy wretches who comprehend them not.

THESE are *commentaries on statutes* ; for the perusing of them, the longest life of man would prove insufficient ; for the understanding of them, the utmost ingenuity of man would not avail.

CRUEL is the dilemma between the necessity and the impossibility of understanding ; yet are we not left utterly destitute of relief. Behold for our comfort, *an abridgement of law and equity* ! It consists not of many volumes ; it extends only to twenty two folio's ; yet as a few thin cakes may contain the whole nutritive



tritive substance of a stalled ox, so may this compendium contain the essential gravy of many a report and adjudged case.

THE sages of the law recommend this abridgement to our perusal. Let us with all thankfulness of heart receive their counsel. Much are we beholden to physicians, who only prescribe the bark of the *Quinquina*, when they might oblige their patients to swallow the whole tree.

FROM these volumes I turn my eyes on a deep-embodied phalanx, numerous and formidable: they are *controversial divines*: so has the world agreed to term them. How arbitrary is language! and how does the custom of mankind join words, that reason has put asunder! Thus we often hear of hell-fire cold, of devilish handsome, and the like: and thus *controversial* and *divine* have been associated.

THESE controversial divines have changed the rule of life into a standard of disputation. They have employed the temple of the MOST HIGH as a fencing school, where gymnastic exercises are daily exhibited, and where victory serves only to excite new contests. Slighting the bulwarks wherewith He who bestowed religion



religion on mankind had secured it, they have encompassed it with various minute outworks, which an army of warriors can with difficulty defend.

THE next in order to them are the redoubtable antagonists of common sense; the gentlemen who close up the common high-way to heaven, and yet open no private road for persons having occasion to travel that way. The writers of this tribe are various, but in principles and manner nothing dissimilar. Let me review them as they stand arranged. These are *Epicurean orators*, who have endeavoured to confound the ideas of right and wrong, to the unspeakable comfort of highwaymen and stock-jobbers. These are *enquirers after truth*, who never deign to implore the aid of knowledge in their researches. These are *sceptics*, who labour earnestly to argue themselves out of their own existence; herein resembling that choice spirit, who endeavoured so artfully to pick his own pocket, as not to be detected by himself. Last of all, are the composers of *rhapsodies*, *fragments*, and (strange to say it) *thoughts*.

AMIDST this army of anti-martyrs I discern

cern a volume of peculiar appearance: its meagre aspect, and the dirty gaudiness of its habit, make it bear a perfect resemblance to a decayed gentleman. This wretched monument of mortality was brought forth in the reign of Charles the second; it was the darling and only child of a man of quality. How did its parent exult at its birth! How many flatterers extolled it beyond their own offspring, and urged its credulous father to display its excellencies to the whole world! Induced by their solicitations, the father arrayed his child in scarlet and gold, submitted it to the public eye, and called it *Poems by a person of honour*. While he lived, his booby offspring was treated with the cold respect due to the rank and fortune of its parent: but when death had locked up his kitchen, and carried off the keys of his cellar, the poor child was abandoned to the parish; it was kicked from stall to stall like a despised prostitute; and after various calamities, was rescued out of the hands of a vender of Scots-snuff, and safely placed as a pensioner in the band of free-thinkers.

THOU first, thou greatest vice of the hu-

man mind, Ambition ! all these authors were originally thy votaries ! They promised to themselves a fame more durable than the calfskin that covered their works : the calfskin (as the dealers speak) is in excellent condition, while the books themselves remain the prey of that silent critic the worm.

COMPLEAT cooks, and conveyancers ; bodies of school divinity and Tommy Thumb ; little story books, systems of philosophy, and memoirs of women of pleasure ; apologies for the lives of players and prime ministers, are all consigned to one common oblivion.

ONE book indeed there is, which pretends to little reputation, and by a strange felicity obtains whatever it demands. To be useful for some months only is the whole of its ambition ; and though every day that passes confessedly diminishes its utility, yet it is sought for and purchased by all : such is the deserved and unenvied character of that excellent treatise of practical astronomy, the ALMANAC.

NUMB





NUMB. 141. THURSDAY, *September 11, 1755.*

**T**HE following letter was mislaid ; which is the reason of its not having appeared earlier in this paper. The excuse, perhaps, is less pardonable than the fault ; but it is the only one I can make with truth ; and I hope the author will receive it with candour.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

If ever you take the trouble of looking into any of the public papers besides your own, you cannot help observing the many curious experiments, which of late years have been made through all parts of this kingdom, in running, riding, leaping, driving, fire-eating, wire-dancing, and various other useful arts, by persons of all ranks and fortunes.

I AM willing to give credit to these extraordinary atchievements, though many of them, I own, far exceed the bounds of probability, be-

to



cause of the honour they do to our age and country : and it is not without high indignation against the ingratitude of the present times, that I have been hitherto disappointed in my expectations of seeing public honours and rewards bestowed on these illustrious personages, who by such experiments have shewn us what great things the powers of nature are capable of, when properly directed. Newton was knighted, and both he and Mr. Locke had very considerable places under the government; and yet what mighty matters did these philosophers do, in comparison of our new experiment-makers ? They contented themselves with looking into the laws of nature, and went no farther. The mind orders its ideas just as it used to do, before the *Essay on human understanding* had banished from the world the doctrine of *innate principles*, and *substantial forms* : and Newton, after he had demolished the vortices of Descartes, left the planets just as he found them. They have rolled round the sun precisely in the same time, and at the same distance, before and since his discoveries. But our wonder-workers have found the secret of controuling the laws

of

of nature, and have actually accomplished what in the wards of Bedlam, and the laboratories of Logada, it would have been thought madness to attempt.

I AM sensible it may be objected to me, that the things I compare are totally different; and instead of these modern chiefs in philosophy, I should rather have turned my eyes to the renowned heroes of antiquity, whose exploits have been the admiration of so many ages. Be it so. We own the resemblance, and have no reason to be afraid of the comparison: for besides that many of these exploits are looked upon as fabulous, if it be considered that some of them were only the effects of brute force, and that the merit of others is to be divided among multitudes, who all had a share in their production; no doubt can be made, on a fair estimate between the merit of ancient and modern worthies, on whose side the ballance will be found to turn. I am no enemy to the fame of antiquity; but I own it grieves me, that when ancient exploits have been celebrated over and over by the choicest poets and historians, those of our own times, no less extraordinary, should be left to pass

pass down to posterity, on no better authority than the doubtful testimony of a common news-paper.

MR. FITZ-ADAM, you profess yourself a citizen of the world, an equal judge between all the children of our first parents; act up then to this character, and do justice: suffer not exploits to drop into oblivion, at which the Gymnasia of Greece and Italy would have stood aghast; which would have been honoured with statues and crowns of olive at Olympia; with a place in the Prytaneum at Athens, and an ovation, if not a triumph, at Rome. Suffer not ingratitude to fix a stain upon our country, which it never would be able to wipe off.

I PRETEND not to enumerate, or even to be sensible of all the advantages with which these singular efforts of genius will be attended: but in natural philosophy and religion their uses are apparent at the first glance.

EXPERIMENTS, it is now agreed on all hands, are the only solid basis of natural science. In these Bacon and Newton led the way; but their followers have enobled them; they have transferred them from *heavy inert matter*, to the very *quintessence of spirit*, their



horses and themselves. What before was only fit for recluse pedants, they have made the amusement and the business of fine gentlemen.

AND here I beg leave, by the way, to propose a problem to the lovers of these noble arts, which I hope will not be thought altogether unworthy of their attention.

SUPPOSE a gentleman is able to drive a wheel-carriage any given number of miles in an hour, when the motion of his horses is progressive, or according to the natural course of their limbs; how much time ought he to be allowed to do it in, when his horses move retrograde, or tails foremost?

BUT to come to religion. These new experiments serve to shew how little we understand of the bounds of credibility. Had such experiments been properly attended to, a certain gentleman that shall be nameless, might have spared his haughty challenge to the defenders of the christian faith. Our brave youths will soon make him sensible of his error, and turn the edge of that formidable broad-sword of his upon himself, with which he has threatened to depopulate the christian world. Will he any longer pretend to say, that no testimony can  
make

make a thing credible that is contrary to experience, when I defy him to match, in the annals of any age or country, the feats which he is forced to believe on the credit of a common news-paper?

I COULD run through all the arts and sciences, and in each of them shew the wonderful advantage of these new experiments: but this is a task that deserves an abler hand: I therefore propose, when his Majesty shall have incorporated the authors of them into a new Royal Society, which I hope will be soon, that one of our most eminent pens be appointed, after the example of bishop Sprat, to write the history of the society; and another, after the example of Fontenelle, to make eulogies on its particular members. And I desire that you will immediately look out for two such persons amongst your correspondents; which I should imagine can be no great difficulty, to one who has the honour to reckon in that number the prime wits of the age.

I am,

SIR,

*Your humble servant.*

MR.

MR. FITZ-ADAM,

WALKING the other day through Wapping, to see the humours of the place, I happened to cast my eyes upon the windows of an alehouse, where I saw written in large capitals, ROMAN PURL. I had the curiosity to ask of a man who was walking near me, why it might not as well have been called BRITISH PURL, as ROMAN PURL? "O, Sir," said he, the landlord has had twenty times the custom since he gave his liquor that "outlandish name." I soon found that my sagacious informer was a maker of leather breeches, by seeing him enter, and set himself to work in a shop, over the door of which was written upon a bit of paper, *The TRUE ITALIAN leather-breeches balls, sold here by the MAKER.* I confess I was a little surprized to find the fashion of admiring every thing foreign had extended itself to so great a distance from St. James's; having conceived an opinion that none but our betters at the polite end of the town, were the despisers and discouragers of our home manufactures.

As I see no solid reason for this universal dislike to every thing that is English, I should  
be



be glad of your sentiments on the subject,  
which will greatly oblige,

SIR,

*Your constant reader,*

*and admirer,*

C. D.

I SHALL forbear making any remarks upon this letter, that I may oblige a very witty correspondent, whose epistle I received a few days ago by the general post. But I must entreat the favour of this gentleman, and of all others who may encline to write to me in so laconic a stile, to chuse another method of conveyance, for fear their letters should sometimes happen to miscarry.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

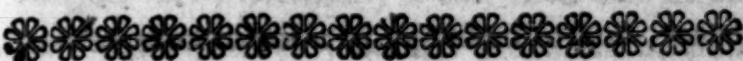
SIR,

PRAY be so kind as to insert this in your next.

*Yours*

W. B.

NUMB.



NUMB. 142. THURSDAY, *September 18,* 1755.

**S**INCE the publication of my correspondent's letter on the subject of noise, I have received the two following, which I shall lay before my readers for the entertainment of to-day.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

YOUR paper which treats of the passion for noise, has in one respect given me some pleasure; the observations in it being such as I have often made myself, and the ridicule intended by them what many persons in the world very justly deserve. At the same time I could not help feeling some uneasiness, on being led by those observations to reflect seriously and deliberately upon my own misfortunes.

TILL I was about forty years old, I had lived a batchelor in London; at which time, having acquired a comfortable fortune in the mercantile way, I retired into the country;  
and

and hoping to pass the rest of my days in peace, and to be happy in a social companion, I married a wife. She has always been, for any thing that I know to the contrary, what is called a virtuous woman : a *notable* one I am sure she is : but though chastity and notableness may be very valuable qualities in a woman, yet if they are to be nursed and cherished at the expence of meekness, forbearance, and all the other virtues, in my humble opinion, she had better be without them. I called at your friend Doddsley's, the last time I was in town, to look in Mr. Johnson's dictionary for the meaning of the word *notable* ; but could find no such epithet applied to a wife. I wish with all my heart that he had given us a definition of that character, as also of a *good woman*, which according to some alehouse signs in the country, is a woman without a head.

I HAVE long been of opinion, that as the principal virtue of a man is *courage*, so the principal virtue of a woman is *silence* : my wife indeed is of a contrary way of thinking, with regard to this female virtue ; but till I am stark deaf, I shall never be prevailed upon to alter my opinion. Dumb creatures were always my  
delight,



delight, and particularly a cat, the dumbest of all ; but my wife, who has a natural antipathy to that animal, has hung up a parrot in my parlour, and filled my hen-yard and garden with maccaws and peacocks.

BESIDES the domestic noises with which I am perpetually tormented, I am unfortunately situated near the church, and in the hearing of ten dismal bells, which our parishioners have set up, in the room of one single bell, by which for many years before, the proper notice for church-time, and other parochial matters had been usually given. And lest the advantage of the sound of these bells should ever be lost, one of our wealthy yeomen has bequeathed by will a considerable sum of money to the ringers of the parish, for ringing a certain number of peals five or six times a week for ever. About the time of this desirable acquisition, the new method of psalmody was introduced into our church, by a set of fellows who call themselves the singers : so that our good old tunes being rejected, I am obliged to sit and hear their terrible bawling and discord, having never been taught to sing in treble time, or to find any thing solemn in the airs of a jig.

IT

It happens also that our parish is famous for delighting in what is called *rough music*, consisting of performances on cow-horns, salt-boxes, warming-pans, sheep-bells, &c. intermixed with hooting, hallowing, and all sorts of hideous noises, with which the young wags of the village serenade their neighbours on several occasions, particularly those families, in which (as the phrase is) the grey mare is the better horse.

BEING thus accustomed to noise in the day-time, I am frequently waked out of my sleep (though in the absence of my wife) by dreaming of them in the night: so that in almost all my hours of retirement, in my slumbers, and even in my devotions, I am constantly tormented with noises, and thoroughly convinced that there is no peace for me but in the grave.

THIS being my case, I would advise you, Mr. Fitz-Adam, by all possible means, to discourage this raging passion for noise. If you are a married man, and have a *notable* wife (though from the freedom and spirit with which you write, I should guess you to be a bachelor) you will need neither my example nor entreaties to set about this work in sober sadness.

sadness. I am firmly persuaded that if you can put an end to all unreasonable noises, you will then accomplish that universal reformation of sentiments and manners, for which your paper was intended. The women will be discreet and lovely, and the men rational companions for their wives and one another.

AFTER what I have here said of myself. I dare not let you know the first syllable of my name, or of the village where I live; but I desire nevertheless to be esteemed as your very good friend, and, though unknown,

*Your most faithful*

*humble servant,*

P. S.

I FORGOT to tell you that I have three fine girls, who, though extremely well inclined, are whipt every hour in the day, and made to pierce my ears with their cries, for not being women before their time, and as *notable* as their mamma. It had like to have escaped me too, that though my wife is reckoned to have the best times of any woman in the parish, it is the jest of the whole neighbourhood upon hearing any violent or unusual screaming, that Mrs. \*\*\* is in labour.

MR.



Mr. FITZ-ADAM,

FINDING by a late paper of yours that you are an advocate for peace and quietness, I am encouraged, though a woman, to make known my case to you. I have been a sufferer by noise all my life long. When I was young, I had a tender, though not a sickly constitution, and was reckoned by all my acquaintance a girl of a mild and gentle disposition, with abundance of good-nature. The temper of my father was unfortunately the very reverse of mine; and though I was ready to obey the least notice of his will, yet his commands were always given in so loud and harsh a tone of voice, that they terrified me like thunder. I have a thousand times started from my chair, and stood with my knees knocking together, upon his beginning to ask me a common question. My mother, he used to tell me, would ruin me by her gentleness. Indeed she was as indulgent to me as I could wish, and hardly ever chid me in her life, unless forced to it by my father, and to keep the peace of the family, which on various other occasions, was frequently in danger of being broken.

At

AT the boarding-school, which I was sent to at the usual age, I met with a governess who was hasty and passionate; and as in her cooler hours she was frequently making concessions to her scholars for the unguarded things she had said in her anger, she lost all her authority: so that having no one to fear, and no good example to follow, we were noisy and quarrelsome all the day long.

AFTER this I had the unhappiness to be left an orphan to the care of my mother's brother, who was a wealthy pewterer in the city. The room we lived in was directly over the shop, from whence my ears were perpetually dinned with the noise of hammers, and the clattering of plates and dishes. Our country house (where we usually passed three or four months every summer) was built close to some iron mills, of which my uncle was proprietor. During our stay at his house, I need not tell you how I was tormented with the horrid and tremendous noise which proceeded from these mills.

AT last I was sent to board with a distant relation, who had been captain of a man of war, but who having married a rich widow,  
had

had given up his commission, and retired into the country. Unfortunately for poor me, the captain still retained a passion for firing a great gun; and had mounted on a little fortification, that was thrown up against the front of his house, eleven nine-pounders, which were constantly discharged ten or a dozen times over, on the arrival of visitors, and on all holidays and rejoicings. The noise of these cannon was more terrible to me than all the rest, and would have rendered my continuance there intolerable, if a young gentleman, a relation of the captain's, had not held me by the heart-strings, and softened by the most tender courtship in the world the horrors of these firings. In short, I staid at the captain's till my fortune was in my own power, and then gave it to a husband.

BUT alas! Mr. Fitz-Adam, I am wedded to noise and contention as long as I live. This tenderest of lovers is the most tyrannical of husbands. The hammering of pewter, the iron-mills and the cannon, which so much disturbed me, are but lulling sounds, when compared to the raging of his voice, whenever he throws himself into one of his furies.

It



It is the study of my life to oblige and please him, yet I offend and disgust him by every thing I do. If I am silent to his upbraidings, I am fullen; if I answer, though with the utmost mildness, I am either insolent or impertinent. How must I do, Mr. Fitz-Adam, to reclaim or bear with him? Whatever I was by nature, I am at present so humbled, that I can submit to any thing. I have laid my case before you for your advice; being well convinced by your speculations in general, that you are a warm advocate for the sex, though you sometimes take the liberty of telling us our own. It is not so much at the crossness of my husband, as at the loudness of his voice, that I complain: for I could submit with some kind of patience to be beat, pinched, scratched, or any thing, so that the drum of my ear was not eternally in danger of being broken. If I was deaf, I could defy the utmost of his malice; but till that happy time arrives, I am the most miserable of women, though much Mr. Fitz-Adam's

*Admirer and humble servant.*



NUMB. 143. THURSDAY, *Sept.* 25, 1755.

**I** OUGHT hourly to be looking up with gratitude and praise to the CREATOR of my being, for having formed me of a disposition that throws off every particle of spleen, and either directs my attention to objects of cheerfulness and joy, or enables me to look upon their contraries as I do on shades in a picture, which add force to the lights, and beauty to the whole. With this happiness of constitution, I can behold the luxury of the times, as giving food and clothing to the hungry and the naked, extending our commerce, and promoting and encouraging the liberal arts. I can look upon the horrors of war, as productive of the blessings and enjoyments of peace; and upon the miseries of mankind, which I cannot relieve, with a thankful heart that my own lot has been more favourable.

THERE is a passage in that truly original poem, called the Spleen, which pleases me more than almost any thing I have read. The passage is this.

*Happy*

*Happy the man, who, innocent,  
 Grieves not at ills, he can't prevent;  
 His skiff does with the current glide,  
 Not puffing pull'd against the tide:  
 He, paddling by the scuffling crowd,  
 Sees, unconcern'd, life's wager row'd;  
 And when he can't prevent foul play,  
 Enjoys the follies of the fray.*

THE laughing philosopher has always appeared to me a more eligible character than the weeping one: but before I sit down either to laugh or cry at the follies of mankind, as I have publicly enlisted myself in their service, it becomes me to administer every thing in my power to relieve or cure them. For this purpose I shall here lay before my readers some loose hints on a subject, which will, I hope, excite their attention, and contribute towards the expelling from the heart those malignant and sullen humours, which destroy the harmony of social life.

IF we make observations on human nature, either from what we feel in ourselves, or see in others, we shall perceive that almost all



the uneasinesses of mankind owe their rise to inactivity or idleness of body or mind. A free and brisk circulation of the blood is absolutely necessary towards the creating easiness and good-humour; and is the only means of securing us from a restless train of idle thoughts, which cannot fail to make us burthensome to ourselves, and dissatisfied with all about us.

PROVIDENCE has therefore wisely provided for the generality of mankind, by compelling them to use that labour, which not only procures them the necessaries of life, but peace and health, to enjoy them with delight. Nay farther, we find how essentially necessary it is that the greatest part of mankind should be obliged to earn their bread by labour, from the ill use that is almost universally made of those riches which exempt men from it. Even the advantages of the best education are generally found to be insufficient to keep us within the limits of reason and moderation. How hard do the very best of men find it, to force upon themselves that abstinence or labour, which the narrowness of their circumstances does not immediately compel them to? Is there really one in ten, who by all the advantages

tages of wealth and leisure, is made more happy in respect to himself, or more useful to mankind? What numbers do we daily see of such persons, either rioting in luxury, or sleeping in sloth, for one who makes a proper use of the advantages which riches give for the improvement of himself, or the happiness of others? And how many do we meet with, who, for their abuse of the blessings of life, are given up to perpetual uneasiness of mind, and to the greatest agonies of bodily pain?

WHOEVER seriously considers this point, will discover that riches are by no means such certain blessings as the poor imagine them to be: on the contrary, he will perceive that the common labours and employments of life are much better suited to the majority of mankind, than prosperity and abundance would be without them.

It was a merciful sentence which the CREATOR passed on man for his disobedience, *By the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat thy bread*; for to the punishment itself he stands indebted for health, strength, and all the enjoyments of life. Though the first paradise was forfeited for his transgression, yet by the

penalty inflicted for that transgression, the earth is made into a paradise again, in the beautiful fields and gardens which we daily see produced by the labour of man. And though the ground was pronounced cursed for his disobedience, yet is that curse so ordered, as to be the punishment, chiefly and almost solely of those, who by intemperance or sloth, inflict it upon themselves.

EVEN from the wants and weaknesses of mankind, are the bands of mutual support and affection derived. The necessities of each, which no man of himself can sufficiently supply, compel him to contribute towards the benefit of others; and while he labours only for his own advantage, he is promoting the universal good of all around him.

HEALTH is the blessing that every one wishes to enjoy; but the multitude are so unreasonable, as to desire to purchase it at a cheaper rate than it is to be obtained. The continuance of it is only to be secured by exercise or labour. But the misfortune is, that the poor are too apt to overlook their own enjoyments, and to view with envy the ease and affluence of their superiors, not considering that



that the usual attendants upon great fortunes are anxiety and disease.

IF it be true, that those persons are the happiest, who have the fewest wants, the rich man is more the object of compassion than envy. However moderate his inclinations may be, the custom of the world lays him under a kind of necessity of living up to his fortune. He must be surrounded by a useless train of servants; his appetite must be palled with plenty, and his peace invaded by crowds. He must give up the pleasures and endearments of domestic life, to be the slave of party and faction. Or if the goodness of his heart should incline him to acts of humanity and benevolence, he will have the frequent mortification of seeing his charities ill bestowed, and by his inability to relieve all, the constant one of making more enemies by his refusals, than friends by his benefactions. If we add to these considerations a truth, which I believe few persons will dispute, namely, that the greatest fortunes, by adding to the wants of their possessors, usually render them the most necessitous of men, we shall find greatness and happiness to be at a wide distance from one

another. If we carry our enquiries still higher, if we examine into the state of a king, and even enthrone him, like our own, in the hearts of his people; if the life of a father be a life of care and anxiety, to be the father of a people is a pre-eminence to be honoured, but not envied.

THE happiness of life is, I believe, generally to be found in those stations, which neither totally subject men to labour, nor absolutely exempt them from it. Power is the parent of disquietude, ambition of disappointment, and riches of disease.

I WILL conclude these reflections with the following fable.

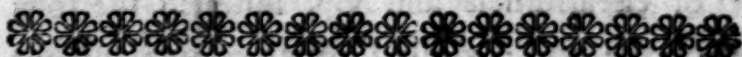
“ LABOUR, the offspring of WANT, and  
 “ the mother of HEALTH and CONTENT-  
 “ MENT, lived with her two daughters in a  
 “ little cottage by the side of a hill, at a great  
 “ distance from town. They were totally  
 “ unacquainted with the great, and had kept  
 “ no better company than the neighbouring  
 “ villagers: but having a desire of seeing the  
 “ world, they forsook their companions and  
 “ habitation, and determined to travel.  
 “ LABOUR went soberly along the road, with  
 “ HEALTH

“ HEALTH on her right hand, who by the  
 “ sprightliness of her conversation, and songs  
 “ of chearfulness and joy, softened the toils  
 “ of the way ; while CONTENTMENT went  
 “ smiling on the left, supporting the steps of  
 “ her mother, and by her perpetual good-  
 “ humour, encreasing the vivacity of her sister.

“ IN this manner they travelled over forests  
 “ and through towns and villages, till at last  
 “ they arrived at the capital of the kingdom.  
 “ At their entrance into the great city, the  
 “ mother conjured her daughters never to lose  
 “ sight of her ; for it was the will of Jupiter,  
 “ she said, that their separation should be  
 “ attended with the utter ruin of all three.  
 “ But HEALTH was of too gay a disposition  
 “ to regard the counsels of LABOUR : she  
 “ suffered herself to be debauched by INTEM-  
 “ PERANCE, and at last died in child-birth of  
 “ DISEASE. CONTENTMENT, in the absence  
 “ of her sister, gave herself up to the entice-  
 “ ments of SLOTH, and was never heard of  
 “ after : while LABOUR, who could have no  
 “ enjoyment without her daughters, went  
 “ every where in search of them, till she was



“ at last seized by LASSITUDE in her way,  
 “ and died in misery.



NUMB. 144. THURSDAY, *October 2*, 1755.

**T**HE following letter is of so interesting a nature, that I have put my printer to no small inconvenience in getting it ready at a very short warning for this day's publication. If the contents of it are genuine, I hardly know of a punishment, which the author of such complicated ruin does not deserve. The unavoidable miseries of mankind are sufficient in themselves for human nature to bear; but when shame and dishonour are added to poverty and want, the lot of life is only to be endured by the consideration that there is a final state of retribution, in which the sufferings of the innocent will be abundantly recompensed, and temporary sorrows be crowned with endless joys. —

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

If your breast has any feeling for the distressed

stresses of a ruined wife and mother, I beseech you to give my most unhappy story a place in your next paper. It may possibly come time enough to prevent a catastrophe, which would add horror to ruin, and drive to utter distraction a poor helpless family, who have more misery already than they are able to bear.

I AM the wife of a very worthy officer in the army, who by a train of unavoidable misfortunes, was obliged to sell his commission; and from a state of ease and plenty, has been long since reduced to the utmost penury and want. One son and a daughter were our only children——Alas! that I should live to say it! happy would it have been for us, if one of them had never been born!——The boy was of a noble nature, and in happier times his father bought him a commission in the service, where he is now a lieutenant, and quartered in Scotland with his regiment. O! he is a dear and dutiful child, and has kept his poor parents from the extremity of want, by the kind supplies which he has from time to time sent us in our misfortunes.

His

HIS sister was in the eyes of a fond father and mother lovely to an extreme. Alas, Mr. Fitz-Adam! she was too lovely——The times I have watered her dear face with my tears, at the thought that her temper was too meek and gentle for so engaging a form! She lived with us till she was turned of fourteen, at which time we were prevailed on by a friend to place her with a gentleman of fortune in the country (who had lately buried his lady) to be the companion of his daughters. The gentleman's character was too honourable, and the offer too advantageous to suffer us to hesitate long about parting with a child, whom, dear to us as she was, we were not able to support. It is now a little more than two years since our separation; and till within a very few months, it was our happiness and joy that we had provided for her so fortunately. She lived in the esteem and friendship of the young ladies, who were indeed very amiable persons; and such was their father's seeming indulgence to us, that he advanced my husband a sum of money upon his bond, to free him from some small debts, which threatened him hourly with a jail.

BUT



BUT how shall I tell you, sir, that this seeming benefactor has been the cruellest of all enemies! The enjoyment of our good fortune began to be interrupted, by hearing less frequently from our daughter than we used to do; and when a letter from her arrived, it was short and constrained, and sometimes blotted, as if with tears, while it told us of nothing that should occasion any concern. It is now upwards of two months since we have heard from her at all; and while we were wondering at her silence, we received a letter from the eldest of the young ladies, which threw us into a perplexity, which can neither be described nor imagined. It was directed to me, and contained these words.

“MADAM,

“FOR reasons that you will too soon be  
 “acquainted with, I must desire that your  
 “daughter may be a stranger to our family.  
 “I dare not indulge my pity for her as I  
 “would, lest it should lead me to think too  
 “hardly of one, whom I am bound in duty  
 “to reverence and honour. The bearer  
 “brings you a trifle, with which I desire you  
 “will immediately hire a post-chaise, and  
 “take

“take away your daughter. My father is  
 “from home, and knows nothing of this let-  
 “ter; but assure yourself it is meant to serve  
 “you, and that I am,

“MADAM,

“*Your very sincere friend*

“*and humble servant.*

ALARMED and terrified as I was at this letter, I made no hesitation of complying with its contents. The bearer of it either could not, or would not inform me of a syllable that I wanted to know. My husband indeed had a fatal guess at its meaning; and in a fury of rage, insisted on accompanying me: but as I really hoped better things, and flattered myself that the young ladies were apprehensive of a marriage between their father and my girl, I soothed him into patience, and sat out alone.

I TRAVELLED all night; and early the next morning, saw myself at the end of my journey — O, fir! am I alive to tell it? I found my daughter in a situation the most shocking that a fond mother could behold! She had been seduced by her benefactor, and was visibly with child. I will not detain you  
 with

with the swoonings and confusion of the unhappy creature at this meeting, nor with my own distraction at what I saw and heard. In short, I learnt from the eldest of the ladies, that she had long suspected some unwarrantable intimacies between her father and my girl; and that finding in her altered shape and appearance a confirmation of her suspicions, she had questioned her severely upon the subject, and brought her to a full confession of her guilt: that farther, her infatuated father was then gone to town, to provide lodgings for the approaching necessity, and that my poor deluded girl had consented to live with him afterwards in London, in the character of a mistress.

I NEED not tell you, sir, the horror I felt at this dismal tale. Let it suffice that I returned with my unhappy child, with all the haste I was able. Nor is it needful that I should tell you of the rage and indignation of a fond and distracted father at our coming home. Unhappily for us all, he was too violent in his menaces, which I suppose reached the ears of this cruellest of men, who eight days ago  
caused



caused him to be arrested upon his bond, and hurried to a prison.

BUT if this, Mr. Fitz-Adam, had been the utmost of my misery, cruel as it is, I had spared you the trouble of this relation, and buried my grief in my own bosom. Alas! sir, I have another concern, that is more insupportable to me than all I have told you. My distracted husband, in the anguish of his soul, has written to my son, and given him the most aggravated detail of his daughter's shame, and his own imprisonment; conjuring him (as he has confessed to me this morning) by the honour of a soldier, and by every thing he holds dear, to lose not a moment in doing justice with his sword upon this destroyer of his family. The fatal letter was sent last week, and has left me in the utmost horror at the thought of what may happen. I dread every thing from the rashness and impetuosity of my son, whose notions of honour and justice are those of a young soldier, who in defiance of the law, will be judge in his own cause, and the avenger of injuries, which Heaven only should punish.

I HAVE

I HAVE written to him upon this occasion in all the agony of a fond mother's distresses. But O! I have fatal forebodings that my letter will arrive too late. What is this honour, and what this justice, that prompts men to acts of violence and blood, and either leaves them victims to the law, or to their own unwarrantable rashness? As forcibly as I was able in this distracted condition, I have set his duty before him; and have charged him, for his own soul's sake, and for the sake of those he most tenderly loves, not to bring utter ruin on a family, whose distresses already are near sinking them to the grave.

THE only glimmering of comfort that opens upon me, is the hope that your publication of this letter may warn the wretch who has undone us of his danger, and encline him to avoid it. Fear is generally the companion of guilt, and may possibly be the means of preserving to me the life of a son, after worse than death has happened to a daughter.

If you have pity in your nature, I beg the immediate publication of this letter, which will infinitely oblige, SIR,

*Your greatly distressed*

*but most faithful humble servant.*

NUMB. 145. THURSDAY, *October* 9, 1755.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

S I R,

**I**T is with great pleasure that I see you frequently doing justice to the age you live in, and not running into that vulgar and ill-natured prejudice, that the present times are worse than the past. We are certainly better in every respect than our forefathers; and it is right we should be told so, to encourage us in our progress toward the summit of perfection. I could give a thousand instances of the virtues of these times; but shall at present content myself with one, which I do not remember that you have hitherto so much as touched upon. It is the extreme constancy and disinterestedness of the men, in affairs of love and marriage.

I AM a woman, Mr. Fitz-Adam, and have lately experienced this truth, in a degree that would bring upon me the imputation of ingratitude, if I neglected to do this public justice to the most constant and generous of all lovers.

IT

IT is now upwards of a year since I received the addresses of this gentleman. He is a man of fortune and family; perfectly agreeable in his person; witty and engaging in his conversation; with a heart the most tender, and manners the most soft and amiable that can be imagined. Such as I have described him, you will not wonder that I gave him my whole heart, and waited with the utmost impatience to be united to him for ever.

I WILL not give him a merit which he does not want, that of intending *my* happiness only, and of raising me to a rank which neither my person nor fortune gave me any pretensions to: on the contrary, I was young and handsome, and in the opinion of the world, one whose alliance could bring as much honour into my lover's family, as he could reflect on mine. Nor indeed did I ever wish that there should be any such obligation on either side; having generally observed that the most equal matches are the most productive of happiness. But I only mention this circumstance, as it may serve to do honour to his behaviour since.

THE time was now approaching, which was to make us inseparably one. What his  
sentiments



sentiments were upon the occasion, may be seen by the following letter, which among a thousand of the same kind, I shall here transcribe.

“ IT is as impossible for me to rise, and not  
 “ write to my angel, as to lie down and not  
 “ think of her. I am too happy. Pray use  
 “ me a little ill, that I may come to a right  
 “ state of mind; for at present I can neither  
 “ eat nor sleep: yet I am more good-humour-  
 “ ed than all the world; and then so com-  
 “ passionate, that I pity every man I see. My  
 “ dearest loves only me, and all other men  
 “ must be miserable. I wonder that anybody  
 “ can laugh besides myself: if it be a man,  
 “ he makes me jealous: I fancy that he en-  
 “ tertains hopes of my charmer; for the world  
 “ has nothing else in it to make him cheerful.

“ AND now, my life! I have done with all  
 “ my doubts; the time approaches, that will  
 “ change them into happiness. I know of  
 “ nothing (sickness and death excepted)  
 “ that can possibly prevent it. Our pleasures  
 “ will lie in so narrow a compass, that we  
 “ shall always be within reach of them. To  
 “ oblige and be obliged will be all we want;

“ and

“ and how sweet it is to think, that the busi-  
 “ nefs of our lives, and the delight of our  
 “ hearts, will be the same thing ! I mean,  
 “ the making each other happy ! But I am  
 “ doomed to be more obliged than I have  
 “ power to oblige—What a wife am I to  
 “ have ! Indeed, my love, I shall think my-  
 “ self the worst, if I am not the very best of  
 “ all husbands.

“ *Adieu !*”

UPON my making a visit of a few days to a  
 friend near town, where I desired him not to  
 come, he wrote to me as follows.

“ THIS lazy penny-post, how I hate it ! It  
 “ is two tedious days that I must wait for an  
 “ answer to what I write. I will set up a  
 “ post of my own, that shall go and come  
 “ every two hours ; and then, upon condition  
 “ that I hear from you by every return of it, I  
 “ will obey your commands, and not think  
 “ of seeing you. I wonder that you have not  
 “ taken it into your head to bid me live with-  
 “ out breathing. But take care, my love,  
 “ that you never give up the power you have  
 “ over me : for if ever it comes to my turn to  
 “ reign, I will be revenged on you without

“ mercy. I will load you so with love and  
 “ kind offices, that your little heart shall al-  
 “ most break, in struggling how to be grate-  
 “ ful. I will be tormenting you every day,  
 “ and all day long. I will prevent your very  
 “ wishes. Even the poor comfort of hope  
 “ shall be denied you ; for you shall know  
 “ that none of your to-morrows shall be hap-  
 “ pier to you than your yesterdays. Your  
 “ pride too shall be mortified ; for I will out-  
 “ love you, and be kinder to you, than you  
 “ can possibly be to me. All these miseries  
 “ you shall suffer, and yet never be able to  
 “ wish for death to relieve you from them.  
 “ So if you have a mind to avoid my cruel-  
 “ ties, resolve not to marry me ; for I am a  
 “ tyrant in my nature, and will execute all I  
 “ have threatened.”

How tender and obliging were these ex-  
 pressions ! I own to you, Mr. Fitz-Adam,  
 that I answered them all, in an equal strain of  
 fondness. But in the midst of this sweet in-  
 tercourse, he was unhappily taken ill of the  
 small-pox. The moment he was sensible of  
 his distemper, he conjured me in a letter not  
 to come near him, lest his apprehensions for

me (as I had never had it) should prove more fatal to him than the disease. It was indeed of the most dangerous kind : but how was it possible for me to keep from him ? I flew to him when he was at the worst, and would not leave him, till they took me away by force. The consequence of this visit was, that I caught the infection, and sickened the next day. My distemper was of the confluent sort, and much worse than my lover's, who in less than three weeks was in a condition to return my visit. He had sent almost every hour in the day to enquire how I did ; and when he saw me out of danger (though totally altered from my former self) his transports were not to be told or imagined. I cannot resist the pleasure of transcribing the letter that he sent me at his return home that evening.

“ What language shall I invent to tell the  
 “ charmer of my soul how happy this visit has  
 “ made me ! To see you restored to health was  
 “ my heart's only wish ; nor can my eyes behold  
 “ a change in that face (if they can be sen-  
 “ sible of any change) that will not endear it  
 “ to me beyond the power of beauty. Every  
 “ trace of that cruel distemper will be con-  
 “ sidered



“sidered by me as a love-mark, that will  
 “forever revive in my soul the ideas of that  
 “kindness by which it came. Lament not  
 “a change then, that makes you lovelier to  
 “me than ever: for till your soul changes  
 “(which can never happen) I will be only  
 “and all

“*Yours.*”

THIS letter, and a thousand repetitions of the same engaging language, made me look upon the loss of my beauty, as a trivial loss. But the time was not yet come, that was to shew me this generous and disinterested lover in the most amiable of all lights. My father, whose only child I was, and who had engaged to give me a large fortune at my marriage, and the whole of his estate at his death, fell ill soon after; and to the surprize of all the world, died greatly involved, and left me without a shilling to my portion.

MY lover was in the country, when I acquainted him with this fatal news. Indeed I had no doubt of his generosity; but how like a divinity he appeared to me, when by the return of the post, he sent me the following letter!

“THINK

" THINK not, my soul, that any external  
 " accident can occasion the least change in  
 " my affections. I rather rejoice that an op-  
 " portunity is at last given me of proving to  
 " my dearest creature, that I loved her only  
 " for herself. I have fortune enough for  
 " both; or if I had not, love would be suf-  
 " ficient to supply all our wants. This cruel  
 " business, how angry it makes me! But a  
 " very few days, my life, shall bring me to  
 " your arms. O! how I love you! Those  
 " are my favourite words, and I am sure I  
 " shall die with them; or if I should have  
 " the misery to out-live you, they will be  
 " only changed to—O! how I loved her!  
 " But the HOW, my dear, is not to be told;  
 " your own heart must teach it you. When  
 " is it that I shall love you best of all? Why,  
 " the last day of my life, after having lived  
 " many, many years

" *Your obliged,*

" *and happy husband.*"

How truly noble was this letter! But you  
 will think me dwelling too long upon my own  
 happiness; I shall therefore only add, that it  
 is now a week since he wrote it; and that

yesterday I receiyed the undoubted intelligence, that my lover was married the very next day, to a fat widow of five and fifty, with a large jointure, a fine house, and a fortune of twenty thousand pounds at her own disposal.

I am,

SIR,

*Your most obedient servant.*

M. B.



NUMB. 146. THURSDAY, Octob. 16, 1755.

**I** HAVE so tender a regard for my fair country-women, that I most heartily congratulate them upon the approaching meeting of the parliament, which I consider (and I believe they do so too) as the general goal delivery of the several counties of the united kingdom.

THAT beautiful part of our species once engrossed my cares; they still share them: I have been exceedingly affected all the summer with

with the thoughts of their captivity, and have felt a sympathetic grief for them.

IN truth, what can be more moving, than to imagine a fine woman of the highest rank and fashion torn from all the elegant and refined pleasures of the metropolis; hurried by a merciless husband into country captivity, and there exposed to the incursions of the neighbouring knights, squires and parsons, their wives, sons, daughters, dogs and horses? The metropolis was at once the seat of her empire, and the theatre of her joys. Exiled from thence, how great the fall! how dreadful the prison! Methinks I see her sitting in her dressing-room at the mansion seat, sublimely fullen, like a dethroned eastern monarch; some few books, scattered up and down, seem to imply that she finds no consolation in any. The unopened knotting-bag speaks her painful leisure. Insensible to the proffered endearments of her tender infants, they are sent away for being so *abominably noisy*. Her dress is even neglected, and her complexion laid by. I am not ashamed to own my weakness, if it be one; for I confess that this image struck me



so strongly, and dwelt upon my mind so long, that it drew tears from my eyes.

THE prorogation of the parliament last spring was the fatal forerunner of this summer captivity. I was well aware of it, and had some thoughts of preparing a short treatise of consolation, which I would have presented to my fair country-women, in two or three weekly papers, to have accompanied them in their exile: but I must own that I found the attempt greatly above my strength; and inadequate consolation only redoubles the grief, by reviving in the mind the cause of it. Thus at a loss, I searched (as every modest modern should do) the ancients, in order to say in English, whatever they had said in Latin or Greek upon the like occasion; but far from finding any case in point, I could not find one in any degree like it. I particularly consulted Cicero, upon that exile which he bore so very indifferently himself; but to my great surprize, could not meet with one single word of consolation, addressed or adapted to the fair and tender part of his species. To say the truth, that philosopher seems to have had either a  
contempt

contempt for, or an aversion to the fair sex ; for it is very observable, that even in his essay upon old age, there is not one single period addressed directly and exclusively to them ; whereas I humbly presume that an old woman wants at least as much, if not more comfort, than an old man. Far be it from me to offer them that refined stoical argument to prove that exile can be no misfortune, because the exiled persons can always carry their *virtue* along with them, if they please.

HOWEVER, though I could administer no adequate comfort to my fair fellow subjects under their country captivity, my tender concern for them prompts me to offer them some advice upon their approaching liberty.

As there must have been during this suspension (I will not say only of pleasure, but, in a manner, of existence) a considerable saving in the article of pin-money, I earnestly recommend to them, immediately upon their coming to town, to apply that sinking fund to the discharge of debts already incurred, and not divert it to the current service of the ensuing year. I would not be misunderstood ; I mean only the payment of debts of honour contracted

tracted at Commerce, Bragg, or Faro; as they are apt to hang heavy upon the minds of women of sentiment, and even to affect their countenances, upon the approach of a creditor. As for shop debts to mercers, milliners, jewellers, French pedlars, and such like, it is no great matter whether they are paid or not; some how or other those people will shift for themselves, or at worst, fall ultimately upon the husband.

I WILL also advise those fine women, who, by an unfortunate concurrence of odious circumstances, have been obliged to begin an acquaintance with their husbands and children in the country, not to break it off entirely in town, but on the contrary, to allow a few minutes every day to the keeping it up; since a time may come, when perhaps they may like their company rather better than none at all.

As my fair fellow subjects were always famous for their public spirit and love of their country, I hope they will upon the present emergency of the war with France, distinguish themselves by unequivocal proofs of patriotism. I flatter myself that they will at their first appearance

pearance in town, publicly renounce those French fashions, which of late years have brought their principles, both with regard to religion and government, a little in question. And therefore I exhort them to disband their curls, comb their heads, wear white linen, and clean pocket handkerchiefs, in open defiance of all the power of France. But above all, I insist upon their laying aside that shameful piratical practice of hoisting false colours upon their top-gallant, in the mistaken notion of captivating and enslaving their countrymen. This they may the more easily do at first, since it is to be presumed, that during their retirement, their faces have enjoyed uninterrupted rest. Mercury and vermillion have made no depredations these six months; good air and good hours may perhaps have restored, to a certain degree at least, their natural carnation: but at worst, I will venture to assure them, that such of their lovers who may know them again in that state of native artless beauty, will rejoice to find the communication opened again, and all the barriers of plaister and stucco removed. Be it known to them, that there is not a man in England, who does not



infinitely prefer the brownest natural, to the whitest artificial skin; and I have received numberless letters from men of the first fashion, not only requesting, but requiring me to proclaim this truth, with leave to publish their names; which however I decline; but if I thought it could be of any use, I could easily present them with a round robin to that effect, of above a thousand of the most respectable names. One of my correspondents, a member of the Royal Society, illustrates his indignation at glaized faces, by an apt and well known physical experiment. The shining glass tube, says he, when warmed by friction, attracts a feather (probably a white one) to close contact; but the same feather, from the moment that it is taken off of the tube, flies it with more velocity than it approached it with before. I make no application; but, avert the omen, my dear country-women!

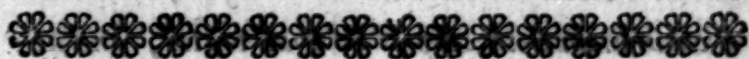
ANOTHER, who seems to have some knowledge of chymistry, has sent me a receipt for a most excellent wash, which he desires me to publish, by way of *succedaneum* to the various greasy, glutinous and pernicious applications so much used of late. It is as follows.

*Take*

*Take of fair clear water quantum sufficit; put it into a clean earthen or China basin; then take a clean linen cloth, dip it in that water, and apply it to the face night and morning, or oftener, as occasion may require.*

I OWN the simplicity and purity of this admirable lotion recommend it greatly to me, and engage me to recommend it to my fair country-women. It is free from all the inconveniencies and nastiness of all other preparations of art whatsoever. It does not stink, as all others do; it does not corrode the skin, as all others do; it does not destroy the eyes, nor rot the teeth, as all others do; and it does not communicate itself by collision, nor betray the transactions of a *tête à tête*, as most others do.

HAVING thus paid my tribute of grief to my lovely country-women during their captivity, and my tribute of congratulations upon their approaching liberty, I heartily wish them a good journey to London. May they soon enter, in joyful triumph, that metropolis, which six months ago, they quitted with tears.



NUMB. 147. THURSDAY, *October 23*, 1755.

I AM favoured with the following letter by a correspondent, who (if I am not mistaken in the hand) has once obliged me before. I cannot better testify my approbation of what he writes, than by desiring a repetition of his favours, as often as he has leisure and inclination to oblige me. It is chiefly owing to the assistance of such correspondents, that this paper has extended its date beyond the usual period of such kind of productions; and (if I may be allowed to say it) they have given it a variety, which could hardly have been accomplished by one single hand. Whether it be modesty or vanity that compels me to this confession, I shall leave the reader to determine, after telling him, that it is to the full as pleasing to me not to have been thought unworthy of the assistance I have received, as it would to have been myself the composer of the most approved pieces of this collection.

To

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

IN this land of liberty, he who can procure a printer, commences author, and instructs the public. Far be it from me to censure this spirit of advising, so prevalent among my honoured countrymen; for to this we owe treatises of divinity by tallow-chandlers, and declamations on politics by apothecaries.

You must no doubt have observed, that every man who is in possession of a diamond, arrogates to himself this privilege of instructing others: hence it is that the panes of windows in all places of public resort, are so amply furnished with miscellaneous observations, by various authors.

ONE advice may be given to all writers, whether on paper or on glass; and it is comprehended in the single word THINK. My purpose at present is to illustrate this maxim, in as far as it respects the latter sort of authors.

I DIVIDE the authors who exercise the diamond, into four classes; the *politicians*, the *historians*, the *lovers*, and the *satyrists*.

THE mystery, or art of politics, is the business



ness of every one, who either has nothing to do, or who cares not to do any thing; as a broken merchant is often made a tide-waiter. Hence so many *politicians* make their appearance on glass. It is there that controversies of a political nature are daily agitated: in them the established laws of controversy are observed: some one asserts the truth of a proposition; another contradicts him; rogue and rascal are immediately dealt about, and the matter originally in dispute, is no more heard of.

Now, Mr. Fitz-Adam, if these gentlemen would be but pleased to THINK, and keep their temper, how might the world be edified! One might acquire as much useful knowledge by travelling post through England, as ever the philosophers of Athens did by lounging in their portico's; and our great turnpike roads would afford as compleat a system of politics, as that which Plato picked up in his Egyptian rambles. In a word, the debates on the windows at the George or the Bell, might prove no less instructive, than the debates of the political club, or the society at the ROBIN HOOD.

- WERE this proposed reformation to take place, the contractors for the magazines of  
Knowledge

Knowledge and Pleasure might forage successfully on window-glass. But I need not insist farther on these considerations; their zeal for the public service is well known: with the view of amusing and instructing, they have not only ransacked the records of pastry-schools, and the manuscript collections of good housewives for receipts in cookery, but they have consulted the monuments of the dead, for delightful blunders, and merry epitaphs.

THE *historians* on glass are of various sorts: some are *chronologers*, and content themselves with informing us that they were at such a place, on such a day, in their way to this or that town or county. Others are *chorographers*, and minutely describe the nature and condition of the highways and the landladies. A third sort may be termed *annalists*, who imagine that a fact deserves to be recorded, merely because it is a fact; and on this account, gravely tell the world that on such a day they fell in love, or got drunk, or did some other thing of equal insignificancy.

A LITTLE thought would abridge the labour of these *historians*. Let them reflect on the nothingness of such incidents, and surely they

they will abstain from recording them. In common life, minute relations of trifles are necessary: man is a sociable and a talkative animal; and as the bulk of mankind cannot communicate to others what they have *thought*, they must content themselves with relating what they have *seen*. On this principle are most coffee-house societies established. But why must a man be dull and narrative on window-glass? Let him reserve his dullness for the club night, and, as Dogberry in the play says, bestow all his tediousness on his own companions.

I NOW proceed to the most numerous tribe of all, the *lovers*; and shall only hint at some enormities in their conduct. And first of all, as to their custom of writing the names of their mistresses with *anna domini* at the end of them; as if the chronicles of love were to be as exactly kept as a parish register. To what good purpose can this serve? To inscribe the names of fair ladies on glass may indeed convey a pretty moral signification; since female charms are properly enough recorded on tablets of a frail nature: but when the year of admiration is added, what elderly woman is there who  
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can pretend to youthfulness? Her waiting-maid may extol her good looks; her mirror may deceive her; powder of pearl and Spanish wool may favour the illusion; but *pretty miss Such-a-one* 1730, is an argument of antiquity, which neither flattery nor paint can refute.

THE *lovers* also deserve censure for their humour of writing in verse. Because all poets are said to be lovers, these gentlemen sagely conclude that all lovers are poets; and on the faith of this inverted aphorism, they commence rhymers. He who cannot compose a sermon, does well to read the works of another. This example ought to be imitated by the herd of lovers. Prior and Hammond are at their service; their only care ought to be in the application. And yet this caution, simple as it is, has been neglected by many lovers, who have condescended to steal. Hence it is that the wealth of the east is frequently declared insufficient for the purchase of a girl, who would be dear at half a crown; and Milton's description of the mother of human kind, perverted to the praise of some little milliner.

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THE *satyrists* come now to be considered. These men are certainly of a strange composition. While dinner is getting ready, they amuse themselves in making out a list of all the faults, real or imaginary, which may be imputed to any of their acquaintance. Incapable of reflection, they know not how to employ their time, and therefore wound and murder the fame of men better and wiser than themselves. If I am not mistaken, a defamation is no less punishable when inscribed on glass, than when committed to paper. This consideration may prevent fools from scattering arrows and death, although reason and humanity can not.

BUT the chief of all *satyrists* are they who scribble obscenity on windows. Every word which they write is a severe reflection on themselves, and, in the judgment of foreigners, on their country. What opinion must foreigners entertain of a nation, where infamous ribaldry meets the eye on every window? an enormity, peculiar, in a great measure, to Great Britain. Do these writers indeed believe themselves to be wits? Let them but step into the smoaking parlours, or the low rooms  
where

where their footmen have their residence, and they will perceive that the servingmen equal their masters in this species of wit. Vainly do people of fashion attempt to monopolize illiberality, ignorance and indecency, when if they and their footmen apply themselves to the same studies, the latter will probably be the best proficient.

BE wise therefore, O ye scriblers, and THINK.

I am, &c.



NUMB. 148. THURSDAY, OCT. 30, 1755.

**CIVILITY** and **GOOD-BREEDING** are generally thought, and often used, as synonymous terms, but are by no means so.

**GOOD-BREEDING** necessarily implies **CIVILITY**; but **CIVILITY** does not reciprocally imply **GOOD-BREEDING**. The former has its intrinsic weight and value, which the latter always adorns, and often doubles by its workmanship.

To sacrifice one's own self-love to other people's, is a short, but I believe, a true definition

definition of CIVILITY: to do it with ease, propriety and grace, is GOOD-BREEDING. The one is the result of good-nature; the other of good sense, joined to experience, observation, and attention.

A PLOUGHMAN will be civil, if he is good-natured, but cannot be well-bred. A courtier will be well-bred, though perhaps without good-nature, if he has but good sense.

FLATTERY is the disgrace of GOOD-BREEDING, as brutality often is of truth and sincerity. GOOD-BREEDING is the middle point between those two odious extremes.

CEREMONY is the superstition of GOOD-BREEDING, as well as of religion; but yet, being an out-work to both, should not be absolutely demolished. It is always, to a certain degree, to be complied with, though despised by those who think, because admired and respected by those who do not.

THE most perfect degree of GOOD-BREEDING, as I have already hinted, is only to be acquired by great knowledge of the world, and keeping the best company. It is not the object of mere speculation, and cannot be exactly defined, as it consists in a fitness, a propriety

priety of words, actions, and even looks, adapted to the infinite variety and combinations of persons, places, and things. It is a mode, not a substance: for what is GOOD-BREEDING at St. James's, would pass for foppery or banter in a remote village; and the homespun CIVILITY of that village, would be considered as brutality at court.

A CLOYSTERED pedant may form true notions of CIVILITY; but if amidst the cobwebs of his cell he pretends to spin a speculative system of GOOD-BREEDING, he will not be less absurd than his predecessor, who judiciously undertook to instruct Hannibal in the art of war. The most ridiculous and most awkward of men are, therefore, the speculatively well-bred monks of all religions and all professions.

GOOD-BREEDING, like charity, not only covers a multitude of faults, but, to a certain degree, supplies the want of some virtues. In the common intercourse of life, it acts good-nature, and often does what good-nature will not always do; it keeps both wits and fools within those bounds of decency, which the former are too apt to transgress, and which the latter never know.

COURTS



COURTS are unquestionably the seats of GOOD-BREEDING ; and must necessarily be so ; otherwise they would be the seats of violence and desolation. There all the passions are in their highest state of fermentation. All pursue what but few can obtain, and many seek what but one can enjoy. GOOD-BREEDING alone restrains their excesses. There, if enemies did not embrace, they would stab. There, smiles are often put on to conceal tears. There, mutual services are professed, while mutual injuries are intended ; and there, the guile of the serpent simulates the gentleness of the dove : all this, it is true, at the expence of sincerity ; but, upon the whole, to the advantage of social intercourse in general.

I WOULD not be misapprehended, and supposed to recommend GOOD-BREEDING, thus prophaned and prostituted to the purposes of guilt and perfidy ; but I think I may justly infer from it, to what a degree the accomplishment of GOOD-BREEDING must adorn and inforce virtue and truth, when it can thus soften the outrages and deformity of vice and falsehood.

I AM sorry to be obliged to confess that my native country is not perhaps the seat of  
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the most perfect GOOD-BREEDING, though I really believe that it yields to none in hearty and sincere CIVILITY, as far as CIVILITY is (and to a certain degree it is) an inferior moral duty of doing as one would be done by. If France exceeds us in that particular, the incomparable author of *L'Esprit des Loix* accounts for it very impartially, and I believe very truly. *If my countrymen, says he, are the best-bred people in the world, it is only because they are the vainest.* It is certain that their GOOD-BREEDING and attentions, by flattering the vanity and self-love of others, repay their own with interest. It is a general commerce, usefully carried on by a barter of attentions, and often without one grain of solid merit, by way of medium, to make up the ballance.

It were to be wished that GOOD-BREEDING were in general thought a more essential part of the education of our youth, especially of distinction, than at present it seems to be. It might even be substituted in the room of some academical studies, that take up a great deal of time, to very little purpose; or at least, it might usefully share some of those many hours,  
that

that are so frequently employed upon a coach-box, or in stables. Surely those who by their rank and fortune are called to adorn courts, ought at least not to disgrace them by their manners.

BUT I observe with concern, that it is the fashion for our youth of both sexes to brand GOOD-BREEDING with the name of ceremony and formality. As such, they ridicule and explode it, and adopt in its stead, an offensive carelessness and inattention, to the diminution, I will venture to say, even of their own pleasures, if they know what true pleasures are.

LOVE and friendship necessarily produce, and justly authorize familiarity; but then GOOD-BREEDING must mark out its bounds, and say, thus far shalt thou go, and no farther: for I have known many a passion and many a friendship, degraded, weakened, and at last (if I may use the expression) wholly *flattered* away, by an unguarded and illiberal familiarity. Nor is GOOD-BREEDING less the ornament and cement of common social life: it connects, it endears, and at the same time that

that it indulges the just liberty, restrains that indecent licentiousness of conversation, which alienates and provokes. Great talents make a man famous, great merit makes him respected, and great learning makes him esteemed; but GOOD-BREEDING alone can make him be loved.

I RECOMMEND it in a more particular manner to my country-women, as the greatest ornament to such of them as have beauty, and the safest refuge for those who have not. It facilitates the victories, decorates the triumphs, and secures the conquests of beauty; or in some degree atones for the want of it. It almost deifies a fine woman, and procures respect at least to those, who have not charms enough to be admired.

UPON the whole, though GOOD-BREEDING cannot, strictly speaking, be called a virtue, yet it is productive of so many good effects, that in my opinion, it may justly be reckoned more than a mere accomplishment.





NUMB. 149. THURSDAY, November 6, 1755.

*Cantantes licet usque (minus via lædet) cantus.*

VIRGIL.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I DO not know that you, or any of your predecessors, have ever paid your compliments to a most useful branch of this community; I mean the ancient and reputable society of BALLAD-SINGERS. These harmonious itinerants do not cheat the country people with idle tales of being taken prisoners by the Turks, or maimed by the Algerines, but earn an honest livelihood, by a proper exertion of those talents with which nature has endowed them. For if a brawny-shouldered porter may live by turning prize-fighter, or a gentleman of the same make, by turning petticoat-pensioner, I do not see why a person endued with the gift of a melodious voice, is not equally entitled to all the advantages which can possibly arise from it.

WITH

WITH regard to the antiquity of this profession, in all probability, we owe the invention of it to old Homer himself, who hawked his Iliad about the streets for an obolus a book. But as the trade was not then brought into any repute, and as his poetry wanted the refinement of modern times, he could scarce earn bread for himself and his family. Thespis, the Athenian, made a great improvement in the art; he harnessed Pegasus to a cart, from which he dispersed his ballads; and by keeping all the public fairs, made shift to pick up a tolerable maintenance. This improvement our English ballad-fingers have neglected: whether they think there is any thing really ominous in mounting a cart, or whether the sneers of the populace, who are always throwing out their insolent jests on their superiors, have prevented them from making use of that vehicle, I will not pretend to determine.

AMONG the Romans too this practice was preserved. Virgil makes one of his shepherds say to another, by way of reproach,

——— *Non tu in triviis, indocte, solebas,  
Stridenti miserum stipulâ disperdere carmen?*

But this was because, as Milton translates it, “his lean and flashy songs grated on his “scrannel pipe of wretched straw.” But this never can be objected to my fair country-women, whose melodious voices give every syllable (not of a lean and flashy, but of a fat and plump song) its just emphasis, to the delight and instruction of the attentive audience. By the way, I suspect that Virgil was a hawker himself; for he says,

*Ascræumque cano Romana per oppida carmen,*

which in plain English is no more than this,

*I sing my Ballads through the streets of Rome.*

WERE it not for this musical society, the country people would never know how the world of letters goes on. Party songs might come out, and the parson never see them; jovial songs, and the squire never hear them; or love songs, and his daughter never sigh over them. I would have a ballad-singer well furnished with all these, before she sets out on her travels; then bloody murders for  
school-

school-boys and apprentices, conundrums and conjuring books for footmen and maid-servants, histories and story-books for young masters and misses, will turn to an excellent account. And as the trades of ballad-singing and fortune-telling generally go together in the country, like surgeon and apothecary, I think it would not be amiss, if their friends the poets would furnish them with rhymes suited to the occasion, that their predictions may wear the true mask of oracles, and like those of the Sibyl, be given out in metre. And to come still nearer to the original, a joint-stool would make an excellent tripod.

USELESS as this profession may seem, it serves to support two others; I mean the worshipful and numerous companies of printers who have no business, and poets who have no genius. A good song, that is a very good song, *I love Sue*, for instance, or *Collin and Phæbe*, will run you through fifty editions: but let it be never so good, it will always give way to a newer; so that the printer has by this means constant employment for his press, which would otherwise be idle, and the poet a constant market for his wit, which would



otherwise live and die with its author in obscurity.

As I have a great regard for these itinerant fyrens, not arising from any personal favours that I have received from them, nor founded on whim and fancy, but from a well-weighed consideration of their service to the public, I have thought of a scheme, which will at once both ennoble their profession, and render their lives infinitely more comfortable. It is this. Many professors of music, whose talents have been shamefully neglected in town (for in these degenerate days, men of merit are but little regarded) condescend, for the amusement of the country people, to enliven the humours of the wake with violins, dulcimores, harp-  
nets, &c. With these ingenious gentlemen I would persuade our fair ballad-singers to incorporate. Some few misfortunes they have indeed met with, which I think myself obliged in honour to reveal; and those are, the loss of eyes, legs, and other trifles, which a prudent, thinking woman would disregard, when over-balanced by such excellent qualifications. The expence of children may possibly be urged, as an objection to this scheme; but I

answer, that children will of necessity come, whether our ballad-singing ladies are married or not: and while the parents are mutually travelling with the younger at their backs, the elder will, in all probability, be able to walk; so that they may get a reputable livelihood, by the lawful profession of begging, till such time as they are of a proper age to learn the rudiments of music under the tuition of their father. But pilfering I would by all means have them avoid; it hurts the credit of the profession.

Now what a comfortable life must this be! A perpetual concert of vocal and instrumental music! And if Orpheus, with only his lyre, drew after him beasts and trees (by which people are apt to imagine that nothing more is meant than the country-bumpkins) what will not the melodious fiddle of one of these professors do, when in unison with the voice of his beautiful helpmate?

As for the marriage act, and guardians consent, and such new-fangled stuff, I would by no means have them pay any regard to it. For as the ladies, when in town for the winter season, are generally resident about

Fleet-Ditch, a certain public-spirited clergyman, who lodges in that neighbourhood, and whom I would by all means recommend, will tack together half a dozen couple at a minute's warning, and the parliament be never the wiser.

I am,

SIR,

*Your most humble Servant*

T. D.

*Whereas two letters, signed A. Z. have been lately sent to Mr. Fitz-Adam; the first containing a very witty, but wanton abuse of a lady of great worth and distinction; the second full of scurrilous resentment against Mr. Fitz-Adam for not publishing the said letter; this is to acquaint the writer of it, that till his manners bear some little proportion to his wit, he cannot be admitted as a correspondent in this paper.*

NUMB.



NUMB. 150. THURSDAY, *Nov.* 13, 1755.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

**H**AVING observed of late years, that our young gentlemen are endeavouring to rival the ladies in all the refinements and delicacies of dress, and are ornamenting the bosoms of their shirts with jewels, I have for the good of my country, and the emolument of my own sex, been contriving a method of rendering jewels of use, as well as ornament, to the male part of the human species. It was an ancient custom in several of the eastern countries, and is the practice of some few nations at this very day, for women to wear jewels in their noses; but I am of opinion that as affairs now stand, it would not be improper to have this elegant piece of finery transferred from the ladies to the gentlemen.

It must indeed be acknowledged that this custom of ornamenting the nose has no where

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prevailed



prevailed but in those heathenish and barbarous nations, where the women are kept in constant subjection to their husbands ; and therefore I suppose it took its origin from the tyrannical institution of the men, who put a RING in the wife's nose, as an emblem of her slavery. I apprehend also, that the wife, when she found she was to be *rung*, very wisely made a virtue of necessity, and added jewels to the RING, which served two purposes at once, that of making it costly to the husband, and rendering it ornamental to herself. But as in these politer and more christian countries, the barbarous institution of obedience from wives to husbands has been entirely laid aside, the ladies have judged it proper to throw off this badge of their subjection. And as in many instances our young ladies and young gentlemen seem inclinable to invert the order of nature, and to recommend manly airs to the female sex, and effeminate behaviour to the men, I think it advisable to comply with the just sentiments of the present generation, and, as I said before, to transfer this ornamental part of dress from the noses of the ladies, to the noses of the men.

I FIND

I FIND myself indeed inclinable to carry this institution of the RING a little farther, and would have every man whatsoever, whether married or unmarried, if he be of a right non-resisting and passively-obedient disposition, to be well *rung*. And for this use I would have a particular sort of *nose-jewel* invented, and established by public authority, which by the emblem, or device, that was engraved upon it, should express the kind of subjection, to which the wearer was inclined to submit. And when these passive gentry were all enrolled under their proper banners, they might annually chuse some one person of distinguished merit, who should be stiled, for the time being, grand master of the most honourable order of the RING.

THERE was a time, when all the laity of the whole christian world ought to have worn RINGS in their noses; and if the device had been a *triple-crown*, it would not have been unexpressive.

THE gentlemen of the army have sometimes taken it into their heads to *ring* every body about them; and we have had instances how able they have been, by the help of these

RINGS, to lead both houses of parliament by the nose. The device engraved on those *nose-jewels* was, *The Protector*. At present indeed it is thought that the gentlemen of the law have a great superiority over the gentlemen of the army, and that they are preparing RINGS for all the noses in these kingdoms, under the well-conceived device of *Liberty and Property*.

It has been a maxim of long standing among statesmen, never to employ any person whatsoever who will not bear being *rung*; and as this very much depends on the shape of the nose, which ought to be of such a disposition as not to be refractory to a perforation, I would in a particular manner recommend it to all leaders of parties, to make the knowledge of the human nose a principal object of their study; since it is manifest that many of them have found themselves grievously disappointed, when they have presumed to count noses, without a sufficient investigation of this useful science.

As I have for many years taken much pains in the study of physiognomy, I shall, for the good of my country, communicate through the channel of your paper some of those many  
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observations, which I have made on that remarkable feature, called the nose : for as this is the most prominent part of the face, it seems to be erected as a sign, on which was to be represented the particular kind of ware that was to be disposed of within doors. Hence it was that amongst the old Romans, very little regard was paid to a man without a nose ; not only as there was no judgment to be made of the sentiments of such a person, but as in their public assemblies, when they came to reckon noses, he must of consequence be always omitted out of the account.

AMONG these ancient Romans the great offices of state were all elective, which obliged them to be very observant of the shape of the noses of those persons to whom they were to apply for votes. Horace tells us that the *sharp nose* was looked upon as an indication of satirical wit and humour : for when speaking of his friend Virgil, though he says, *At est bonus, ut melior non alius quisquam*, yet he allows that he was no joker, and not a fit match at the *sneer* for those of his companions who had *sharper noses* than his own. *Minus aptus* (says he) *acutis NASIBUS harum hominum*. They also



also looked upon the *short nose*, with a little inflexion at the end tending upwards, as a mark of the owner's being addicted to *jibing*: for the same author, talking of Mæcenas, says, that though he was born of an ancient family, yet he was not apt to turn persons of low birth into ridicule; which he expresses by saying that he had not a *turn-up nose*. *Nec NASO suspendis adunco*. Martial in one of his epigrams, calls this kind of nose the rhinocerotie nose, and says that every one in his time affected this kind of snout, as an indication of his being master of the talent of *humour*. But a good statesman will hardly think it worth his while to spend *nose-jewels* upon such persons, unless it be to serve them as you do swine, when you *ring* them only to keep them from *rooting*.

THE Greeks had a very bad opinion of the *flat nose*. The remarkable story of Socrates and the physiognomist is too well known to be particularly repeated: but I cannot help observing that the most particular feature in the face of Socrates was his nose, which being very flat, with a little inflexion upwards towards the end, caused the physiognomist to pronounce him a drunken, impudent  
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and lustful person; which the philosopher acknowledged to be a true character of him, in his natural state.

THE Hebrews looked upon this kind of nose to be so great a blemish in a man's character, that though of the lineage of Aaron, his having a *flat nose* was by the express command of Moses an absolute exclusion from the sacerdotal office. On the other hand, they held *long noses* in the highest esteem, as the certain indication of a meek and patient mind. Hence it is that in the book of Proverbs the original words which literally signify *he that has a long nose*, are in our English translation, and by all interpreters, rendered, *he that is slow to wrath*: and the words which signify, *he that has a short nose*, are always translated, *he that is soon angry, or hasty of spirit*. I shall only remark upon this, that the Welch, who are by no means the *slowest to anger*, have generally *short noses*.

THE elephant is of all animals the most docile and servile; and every body knows how remarkable that creature is for the length of his snout. Though sometimes it happens that he is not altogether so patient of injuries as might be wished. Hamilton, in his travels to  
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the East-Indies, tells us of an elephant of Surat, that was passing with his keeper to his watering place through the streets of that city, who seeing the window open of a taylor's shop, and thrusting in his trunk in search of provision, received an affront from the needle of the taylor, as he was sitting at his work. The story adds, that the elephant went soberly on to water, and after drinking his usual draught, drew up a great quantity of mud into his trunk, and returning by the window of the taylor, discharged an inundation of it on his work-board. This was, I own, an unlucky trick; but we ought not to have a worse opinion of *long noses* in general for the sake of one such story, the like of which may not probably happen again in a whole century.

I HAVE many more curious observations to make on the various kinds of noses, which for fear of exceeding the bounds of your paper, I shall reserve to another opportunity, when I intend to descant at large on the method of *ringing* them: for some men are of such untoward and restiff dispositions, that they are like the leviathan mentioned by Job, into whose nose there is no putting a *hook*, as our  
translators

translators render it, but the original word signifies a RING.

I am,

SIR,

*Your most humble servant.*



NUMB. 151. THURSDAY, Nov. 20, 1755.

I WAS lately subpoenaed by a card, to a general assembly at lady Townly's, where I went so awkwardly early, that I found nobody but the five or six people who had dined there, and who for want of hands enough for play, were reduced to the cruel necessity of conversing, till something better should offer. Lady Townly observed with concern and impatience, that people of fashion now came intolerably late, and in a glut at once, which laid the lady of the house under great difficulties, to make the parties properly. That, no doubt, said Manly, is to be lamented; and the more so, as it seems to give your ladyship some concern: but in the mean time, for want of something better to do, I should be glad to know  
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the true meaning of a term that you have just made use of, *people of fashion*: I confess I have never yet had a precise and clear idea of it; and I am sure I cannot apply more properly for information, than to this company, which is most unquestionably composed of *people of fashion*, whatever *people of fashion* may be. I therefore beg to know the meaning of that term: what are they, who are they, and what constitutes, I had almost said, anoints them, *people of fashion*? These questions, instead of receiving immediate answers, occasioned a general silence of above a minute, which perhaps was the result of the whole company's having discovered for the first time, that they had long and often made use of a term, which they had never understood: for a little reflection frequently produces those discoveries. Belinda first broke this silence, by saying, one knows well enough who are meant by *people of fashion*, though one does not just know how to describe them: they are those that one generally lives with; they are people of a certain sort — They certainly are so, interrupted Manly; but the point is, of what sort? If you mean by people of a certain sort, yourself, which is commonly

commonly the meaning of those who make use of that expression, you are indisputably in the right, as you have all the qualifications that can, or, at least, ought to constitute and adorn a *woman of fashion*. But pray, must all *women of fashion* have all your accomplishments? If so, the myriads of them which I had imagined from what I heard every day, and every where, will dwindle into a handful. Without having those accomplishments which you so partially allow me, answered Belinda, I still pretend to be a *woman of fashion*; a character, which I cannot think requires an uncommon share of talents or merit. That is the very point, replied Manly, which I want to come at; and therefore give me leave to question you a little more particularly. You have some advantages, which even your modesty will not allow you to disclaim, such as your birth and fortune; do they constitute you a *woman of fashion*? As Belinda was going to answer, Bellair pertly interposed, and said, neither, to be sure, Mr. Manly: if birth constituted *fashion*, we must look for it in that inestimable treasure of useful knowledge, the peerage of England; or if wealth, we should  
find

find the very best at the Bank, and at Garraway's. Well then, Bellair, said Manly, since you have taken upon you to be Belinda's sponſor, let me aſk you two or three queſtions, which You can more properly answer than She could. Is it her beauty? By no means neither, replied Bellair; for at that rate, there might perhaps be a *woman of fashion* with a gold chain about her neck in the city, or with a fat amber necklace in the country; prodigies, as yet unheard of and unseen. Is it then her wit and good-breeding, continued Manly? Each contributes, answered Bellair, but both would not be sufficient, without a certain *je ne ſçay quoy*, a something or other that I feel better than I can explain. Here Dorimant, who had sat all this time silent, but looked mischievous, said, I could say something — Ay, and something very impertinent, according to custom, answered Belinda; so hold your tongue, I charge you. You are singularly charitable, Belinda, replied Dorimant, in being so sure that I was going to be impertinent, only because I was going to speak. Why this suspicion of me? Why! because I know you to be an odious, abominable creature, upon all subjects

subjects of this kind. This amicable quarrel was put an end to by Harriet, who on a sudden and with her usual vivacity, cried out, I am sure I have it now, and can tell you exactly what *people of fashion* are: they are just the reverse of your *odd people*. Very possibly, madam, answered Manly, and therefore I could wish that you would give yourself the trouble of defining *odd people*; and so, by the rule of contraries, help us to a true notion of *people of fashion*. Ay, that I can very easily do, said Harriet. In the first place, your *odd people* are those that one never lets in, unless one is at home to the whole town. A little more particular, dear Harriet, interrupted Manly. So I will, said Harriet; for I hate them all. There are several sorts of them. Your prudes, for instance, who respect and value themselves upon the unblemished purity of their characters; who rail at the indecency of the times, censure the most innocent freedoms, and suspect the lord knows what, if they do but observe a close and familiar whisper, between a man and a woman, in a remote corner of the room. There are besides, a sober, formal, sort of married women, insipid creatures, who lead domestic



meftic lives, and who can be merry, as they think, at home, with their own and their husband's relations, particularly at Chrifftmas. Like turtles, they are true and tender to their lawful mates, and breed like rabbits, to beggar and perpetuate their families. Thefe are very *odd women*, to be fure; but deliver me from your fevere and auguft dowagers, who are the fcourges of *people of fafhion*, by infefting all public places, in order to make their fpiteful remarks. One meets them every where, and they feem to have the fecret of multiplying themfelves into ten different places at once. Their poor horfes, like thofe of the fun, go round the world every day, baiting only at eleven in the morning, and fix in the evening, at their parifh churches. They fpeak as movingly of their *poor late lords*, as if they had ever cared for one another; and to do them honour, repeat fome of the many filly things they ufed to fay. Laftly, there are your maiden ladies of riper years, orphans of diftinction, who live together by two's and three's, who club their ftocks for a neat little houfe, a light-bodied coach, and a foot-boy— And, added Bellair, quarrel every day about the

the dividend. True, said Harriet, they are not the sweetest-tempered creatures in the world; but after all one must forgive them some malignity, in consideration of their disappointments. Well, have I now described *odd people* to your satisfaction? Admirably, answered Manly; and so well, that one can, to a great degree at least, judge of their antipodes, the *people of fashion*. But still there seems something wanting; for the present account, by the rule of contraries, stands only thus; that *women of fashion* must not care for their husbands, must not go to church, and must not have unblemished, or at least unsuspected reputations. Now though all these are very commendable qualifications, it must be owned they are but negative ones, and consequently there must be some positive ones necessary to complete so amiable a character. I was going to add, interrupted Harriet, which by the way, was more than I engaged for, that *people of fashion* were properly those who set the fashions, and who gave the tone of dress, language, manners, and pleasures to the town. I admit it, said Manly; but what I want still to know is, who gave them that power, or  
 did

did they usurp it? for, by the nature of that power, it does not seem to me to admit of a succession, by hereditary and divine right. Were I allowed to speak, said Dorimant, perhaps I could both shorten and clear up this case. But I dare not, unless Belinda, to whom I profess implicit obedience, gives me leave. E'en let him speak, Belinda, said Harriet; I know he will abuse us, but we are used to him. Well, say your say then, said Belinda. See what an impertinent sneer he has already. Upon this Dorimant, addressing himself more particularly to Belinda, and smiling, said,

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*Then think*  
*That he, who thus commanded dares to speak,*  
*Unless commanded, would have dy'd in silence.*

O, your servant sir, said Belinda; that fit of humility will I am sure not last long; but however go on. I will, to answer Manly's question, said Dorimant, which, by the way, has something the air of a catechism. Who made these *people of fashion*? I give this short and plain answer; they made one another. The men,

by their attentions and credit, make the *women of fashion*; and the women, by either their supposed or real favours, make the *men* such. They are mutually necessary to each other. Impertinent enough of all conscience, said Belinda. So without the assistance of you fashionable men, what should we poor women be? Why faith, replied Dorimant, but *odd women* I doubt, as we should be but odd fellows without your friendly aid to fashion us. In one word, a frequent and reciprocal collision of the two sexes is absolutely necessary to give each that high polish which is properly called *fashion*. Mr. Dorimant has, I own, said Manly, opened new and important matter; and my scattered and confused notions seem now to take some form, and tend to a point. But as examples always best clear up abstruse matters, let us now propose some examples of both sorts, and take the opinions of the company upon them. For instance, I will offer one to your consideration. Is Berynthia a *woman of fashion* or not? The whole company readily and almost at once, answered, doubtless she is. That may be, said Manly, but why? For she has neither birth nor fortune,  
and



and but small remains of beauty. All that is true, I confess, said Belinda; but she is well drest, well-bred, good humoured, and always ready to go with one any where. Might I presume, said Dorimant, to add a title, and perhaps the best to her claims of *fashion*, I should say that she was of Belville's creation, who is the very fountain of honour of that sort. He dignified her by his addressee; and those who have the good fortune to share his reputation — Have, said Belinda, with some warmth, the misfortune to lose their own. I told you, turning to Harriet, what would happen if we allowed him to speak: and just so it has happened; for the gentleman has almost in plain terms asserted, that a woman cannot be a *woman of fashion* till she has lost her reputation. Fye, Belinda, how you wrong me, replied Dorimant! Lost her reputation! Such a thought never entered into my head; I only meant mislaid it. With a very little care she will find it again. There you are in the right, said Bellair; for it is most certain that the reputation of a *woman of fashion* should not be too muddy. True, replied Dorimant, nor too limpid neither; it must

not

not be mere rock water, cold and clear, it should sparkle a little. Well, said Harriet, now that Berynthia is unanimously voted a *woman of fashion*, what think you of Loveit? Is she, or is she not one? If she is one, answered Dorimant, I am very much mistaken if it is not of Mirabel's creation.—By *writ*, I believe, said Bellair; for I saw him give her a letter one night at the opera. But she has other good claims too, added Dorimant. Her fortune, though not large, is easy; and nobody fears certain applications from her. She has a small house of her own, which she has fitted up very prettily, and is often *at home*, not to crowds indeed, but to people of the best fashion, from twenty, occasionally down to two; and let me tell you, that nothing makes a woman of Loveit's sort better received abroad, than being often *at home*. I own, said Bellair, that I looked upon her rather as a genteel led-captain, a postscript *to women of fashion*. Perhaps too sometimes the cover, answered Dorimant, and if so, an equal. You may joke as much as you please upon poor Loveit, but she is the best humoured creature in the world; and I maintain her to be a

*woman of fashion*; for, in short, we all roll with her, as the soldiers say. I want to know, said Belinda, what you will determine upon a character very different from the two last, I mean lady Loveless: is she a *woman of fashion*? Dear Belinda, answered hastily Harriet, how could she possibly come into your head? Very naturally, said Belinda; she has birth, beauty and fortune; she is genteel and well-bred. I own it, said Harriet; but still she is handsome without meaning, well shaped without air, genteel without graces, and well dressed without taste. She is such an insipid creature, she seldom comes about, but lives at home with her lord, and so domesticly tame, that she eats out of his hand, and teaches her young ones to peck out of her own. Odd, very odd, take my word for it. Ay, mere rock water, said Dorimant, and as I told you an hour ago, that will not do. No, most certainly, added Bellair, all that reserve, simplicity and coldness can never do. It seems to me rather that the true composition of *people of fashion*, like that of Venice treacle, consists of an infinite number of fine ingredients, but all of the warm kind. Truce with your filthy treacle,

treacle, said Harriet; and since the conversation has hitherto chiefly turned upon us poor women, I think we have a right to insist upon the definition of you *men of fashion*. No doubt on't, said Dorimant, nothing is more just, and nothing is more easy. Allowing some small difference for modes and habits, the *men* and the *women of fashion* are in truth the counterparts of each other: they fit like tallies, are made of the same wood, and are cut out for one another. As Dorimant was going on, probably to illustrate his assertion, a valet de chambre proclaimed in a solemn manner the arrival of the duchess dowager of Mattadore, and her three daughters, who were immediately followed by lord Formal, sir Peter Plausible, and divers others of both sexes, and of equal importance. The lady of the house, with infinite skill and indefatigable pains, soon peopled the several card-tables, with the greatest propriety, and to universal satisfaction; and the night concluded with flams, honours, best-games, pairs, pair-royals, and all other such rational demonstrations of joy.

FOR my own part, I made my escape as



soon as I possibly could, with my head full of that most extraordinary conversation which I had just heard, and which, from having taken no part in it, I had attended to the more, and retained the better. I went straight home, and immediately reduced it into writing, as I here offer it for the present edification of my readers. But as it has furnished me with great and new lights, I propose, as soon as possible, to give the public a new and compleat system of ethics, founded upon these principles of *people of fashion*; as in my opinion, they are better calculated, than any others, for the use and instruction of all private families.



NUMB. 152. THURSDAY, Nov. 28, 1755.

*Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia limant,  
Omnia nos itidem depascimur aurea dicta.*

LUCRET.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

OXFORD, Nov. 11th, 1755.

I HAVE, for a long time past, had a strong inclination upon me to become one of your correspondents; but from the habits contracted from this place of my education and residence, I have felt a certain timidity in my constitution, which has hitherto restrained me (pardon the expression) from venturing into the world. However, when I reflect that Oxford, as well as her sister Cambridge, has always been distinguished with the title of one of the eyes of England, I cannot suppose that you will pay so little respect to so valuable a part of the microcosm, as to reject my letter with disdain, merely because it comes dated to you from this ancient seat of learning;

F 3

especially

especially as I assure you, you shall see nothing in it that shall favour at all of that narrow and unsociable spirit, which was heretofore the characteristic of the productions of the college.

No, Mr. Fitz-Adam, though learning itself be my subject, I will not treat of it in a manner that shall disgust the politest of your readers; and though I write from a place, which, within the memory of many now living, enjoyed in some sort the monopoly of it, yet I will not lament the loss of that privilege, but am, with Moses, thoroughly contented that all the Lord's people should be prophets.

INDEED, the main business I am upon is to congratulate the great world on that diffusion of science and literature, which, for some years, has been spreading itself abroad upon the face of it. A revolution this, in the kingdom of learning, which has introduced the levelling principle, with much better success than ever it met with in politics. The old fences have been happily broken down, the trade has been laid open, and the old repositories, or storehouses, are now no longer necessary or useful,

useful, for the purpose of managing and conducting it. They have had their day; and very good custom and encouragement they had, while that day lasted: but surely our sons, or, at farthest, our grand-sons, will be much surpris'd, when they are told for what purposes they were built and endowed by our ancestors, and at how vast an expence the journeymen and factors, belonging to them, were maintained by the public, merely to supply us with what may now be had from every coffee-house, and Robin-Hood assembly. In short, it has fared with learning as with our pine-apples. At their first introduction amongst us, the manner of raising them was a very great secret, and little less than a mystery. The expences of compost, hot-houses, and attendance, were prodigious; and at last, at a great price, they were introduced to the tables of a few of the nobility and gentry. But how common are they grown of late! Every gardener, that used to pride himself in an early cucumber, can now raise a pine-apple; and one need not despair of seeing them sold at six a penny in Covent-garden, and become



the common treat of taylors and hackney coachmen.

THE university of London, it is agreed, ought to be allowed the chief merit of this general dissemination of learning and knowledge. The students of that ample body, as they are less streightened by rules and statutes, have been much more communicative than those of other learned societies. It seems, indeed, to be their established principle to let nothing stay long by them. Whatever they collect, in the several courses of their studies, they immediately give up again for the service of the public. Hence that profusion of historians, politicians, and philosophers, with whose works we are daily amused and instructed. I am told, there is not a bookseller within a mile of Temple-Bar, who has not one or two of these authors constantly in his pay, who are ready, at the word of command, to write a book of any size, upon any subject. And yet I never heard that any of these gentlemen ever drank, in a regular manner, of the waters of Helicon, or endeavoured to trace out that spring, by the streams of Cam, or Isis.

BUT

BUT it is not merely the regular book, or legitimate treatise, which has thus abounded with learning and science; but our loose papers and pamphlets, periodical as well as occasional, are, for their bulk, equally profuse of instruction. Monthly magazines, which, some years since, were nothing more than collections to amuse and entertain, are now become the magazines of universal knowledge. Astronomy, history, mathematics, antiquities, and the whole mystery of inscriptions and medals, may now be had, fresh and fresh, at the most easy rates, from the repositories of any of these general undertakers. What an advantage is this to the modern student, to have his morsel of learning thus carved out for him, at proper seasons and intervals, in quantities that will not over-cloy his stomach, or be too expensive to his pocket! How greatly preferable, both for cheapness and utility, is this method of study, to that of proposing a whole system to his view, in all the horrid formalities of a quarto or folio! Much praise and honour are undoubtedly due to the celebrated Mr. Amos Wenman, for reducing the price of punch, and suiting it to the capacities

cities and circumstances of all his Majesty's subjects; and shall not that self-taught philosopher, Mr. Benjamin Martin, the great retailer of the sciences, come in for some share of our acknowledgment and commendation?

I EXPECT to be told, for indeed the objection is obvious enough, that since the streams of learning have been thus generally diffusive, they have, in consequence of that diffusion, been proportionably shallow. Now, notwithstanding the prejudice which may still prevail with a few grave and solid mortals, against the shallowness of our modern learning, I should be glad to know what good purpose was ever served by all that profundity of science, which they and our ancestors seem so fond of. It was, as is allowed on all hands, confined to a very few of the candidates for literary reputation; and the many, who aimed at a share of it, waded out of their depths, and became a sacrifice to their own useless ambition. On the contrary, no one, that I know of, ever had his head turned, or his senses drowned in the philosophy of a magazine, or the critique of a news-paper.

And

And thus the stream which lay useleſs when confined within its banks, or was often dangerous to thoſe who endeavoured to fathom the bottom of it, has, by being drained off into the ſmaller rills and channels, both fertilized and adorned the whole face of the country. And hence, Mr. Fitz-Adam, have ariſen thoſe exuberant crops of readers, as well as writers. The idea of being a reader, or a man given to books, had heretofore ſomething very ſolemn and frightful in it. It conveyed the notion of ſeverity, moroſeneſs, and unacquaintance with the world. But this is not the caſe at preſent. The very deepeſt of our learning may be read, if not underſtood, by the men of dreſs and faſhion; and the ladies themſelves may con- verſe with the abſtruſeſt of our philoſophy, with great eaſe, and much to their inſtruction.

To ſay the truth, the men of this generation have diſcovered that what their fathers called ſolid learning, is a uſeleſs and cumbersome accompliſhment, incommo- dious to the man who is poſſeſſed of it, and diſguſtful to all who approach him. Something, however, of the ſort, that ſits light and eaſy upon us, we  
are



are willing to attain to: but surely, for this, there is no need of going to the expence of massy bullion, when our own leaf-gold, or a little foreign lacker, will answer the purpose full as well, and make a better figure in the world.

GIVE me leave, Mr. Fitz-Adam, to conclude with my congratulations to this place of academical education, on some happy symptoms I have lately observed, from whence it should appear that the manufacture of modern learning may, one day, be able to gain some footing amongst us. The disadvantages it lies under, from ancient forms and establishments, are, it is true, very great; the general inclination, I own, is still against it; and the genius of our governors are, perhaps, as deep and as solid as ever; but yet, I hope, we have a set of young gentlemen now rising, who will be able to overcome all difficulties, and give a politer turn to the discipline and studies of the university. I can already assure you, that the students of this new sect, amongst us, have advanced so far as to make the coffee-houses the chief and only places of application to their studies. The productions of your  
London

London authors are here taken in, as we call it, by subscription; and, by this means, the deepest learning of the age may be dived into, at the small price of two or three shillings by the year. Thus the expences of university education are reduced, and the pockets of the young men are no longer picked by those harpies the booksellers.

I CAN see but one reason to suspect the probability of their not gaining a sure and certain settlement amongst us; and that is, the great shyness which is observed in all these gentlemanly students, with regard to the old-fashioned languages of Greek and Latin. The avenues to our foundations are, hitherto, secured by guards detached from the ancients. Our friends, therefore, cannot very safely enter into the competitions at college-elections, where these are always retained against them. But who knows what time may bring forth? Fellows of colleges themselves may reform, and become mere moderns in their learning, as well as in their dress, and other accomplishments. I could even now point out some of these, who are better acquainted with the writings of Petrarch, Guarini and Metastasio, than with those

of Homer and Horace; and know more of Copernicus and sir Isaac Newton, from the accounts given of them by Fontenelle, Voltaire and Pemberton, than from the original works of those two philosophers. But I shall say no more at present, for fear of betraying that interest, which it is the *sincere* purpose of this letter to improve and advance.

I am,

SIR,

*Your most humble servant,*

NEO-ACADEMICUS.



NUMB. 153. THURSDAY, *December 4, 1755.*

**H**AVING been frequently pressed by sir John Jolly (an old friend of mine, possessed of a fine seat, a large park, and a plentiful estate) to pass a few weeks with him in the country, I determined last autumn to accept his invitation, proposing to myself the highest pleasure from changing the noise and hurry of this bustling metropolis, for the agreeable silence, and soothing indolence of a rural retirement.

retirement. I accordingly set out one morning, and pretty early the next arrived at the habitation of my friend, situated in a most delicious and romantic spot, which (the owner having fortunately no TASTE) is not yet defaced with IMPROVEMENTS. On my approach, I abated a little of my travelling pace, to look round me, and admire the towering hills, and fertile vales, the winding streams, the stately woods, and spacious lawns, which, gilded by the sun-shine of a beautiful morning, on every side afforded a most enchanting prospect; and I pleased myself with the thoughts of the happy hours I should spend amidst these pastoral scenes, in reading, in meditation, or in soft repose, inspired by the lowing of distant herds, the falls of waters, and the melody of birds.

I WAS received with a hearty welcome, and many shakes of the hand by my old friend, whom I had not seen for many years, except once, when he was called to town by a prosecution in the King's-bench, for misunderstanding the sense of an act of parliament, which, on examination, was found to be nonsense. He is an honest gentleman of a middle age, a  
 3 hale



hale constitution, good natural parts, and abundant spirits, a keen sportsman, an active magistrate, and a tolerable farmer, not without some ambition of acquiring a seat in parliament, by his interest in a neighbouring borough: so that between his pursuits of game, of justice, and popularity, besides the management of a large quantity of land, which he keeps in his own hands, as he terms it, for amusement, every moment of his time is sufficiently employed. His wife is an agreeable woman, of about the same age, and has been handsome; but though years have somewhat impaired her charms, they have not in the least her relish for company, cards, balls, and all manner of public diversions.

ON my arrival, I was first conducted into the breakfast room, which, with some surprise, I saw quite filled with genteel persons of both sexes, in dishabille, with their hair in papers; the cause of which I was quickly informed of, by the many apologies of my lady for the meanness of the apartment she was obliged to allot me, "By reason the house  
" was so crowded with company during the  
" time of their races, which, she said, began  
" that

“ that very day for the whole week, and for  
 “ which they were immediately preparing.”

I was instantly attacked by all present with one voice, or rather with many voices at the same time, to accompany them thither; to which I made no opposition, thinking it would be attended with more trouble than the expedition itself.

As soon as the ladies and the equipages were ready, we issued forth in a most magnificent cavalcade; and after travelling five or six miles through bad roads, we arrived at the Red Lion, just as the ordinary was making its appearance on the table. The ceremonials of this sumptuous entertainment, which consisted of cold fish, lean chickens, rusty hams, raw venison, stale game, green fruit, and grapeless wines, destroyed at least two hours, with five times that number of heads, ruffles, and suits of cloaths, by the unfortunate effusion of butter and gravy. From hence we proceeded a few miles farther to the race-ground, where nothing, I think, extraordinary happened, but that amongst much disorder and drunkenness, few limbs, and no necks were broken: and from these Olympic games, which, to the  
 great

great emolument of pick-pockets, lasted till it was dark, we galloped back to the town through a soaking shower, to dress for the assembly. But this I found no easy task; nor could I possibly accomplish it, before my cloaths were quite dried on my back; my servant staying behind to settle his betts, and having stowed my portmanteau into the boot of some coach, which he could not find, to save himself both the trouble and indignity of carrying it.

BEING at last equipped, I entered the ball-room, where the smell of a stable over which it was built, the favour of the neighbouring kitchen, the fumes of tallow candles, rum-punch and tobacco dispersed over the whole house, and the balsamic effluvia's from many sweet creatures who were dancing, with almost equal strength contended for superiority. The company was numerous and well-drest, and differed not in any respect from that of the most brilliant assembly in London, but in seeming better pleased, and more desirous of pleasing; that is, happier in themselves, and civilier to each other. I observed the door was blocked up the whole night by a few fashionable  
young

young men, whose faces I remembered to have seen about town, who would neither dance, drink tea, play at cards, nor speak to any one, except now and then in whispers to a young lady, who sat in silence at the upper end of the room, in a hat and negligèe, with her back against the wall, her arms a-kimbo, her legs thrust out, a sneer on her lips, a scowl on her forehead, and an invincible assurance in her eyes. This lady I had also frequently met with, but could not then recollect where; but have since learnt, that she had been toad-eater to a woman of quality, and turned off for too close and presumptuous an imitation of her betters. Their behaviour affronted most of the company, yet obtained the desired effect: for I overheard several of the country ladies say, "It was pity they were so proud; for to be sure they were prodigious well-bred people, and had an immense deal of wit:" a mistake they could never have fallen into, had these patterns of politeness condescended to have entered into any conversation. Dancing and cards, with the refreshment of cold chickens and negus about twelve, carried us on till day-break, when our coaches being ready, with much solicitation,



solicitation, and more squeezing, I obtained a place in one, in which no more than six had before artificially seated themselves; and about five in the morning, through many and great perils, we arrived safely at home.

It was now the middle of harvest, which had not a little suffered by our diversions; and therefore our coach-horses were immediately degraded to a cart; and having rested during Our fatigues, by a just distribution of things, were now obliged to labour, while We were at rest. I mean not in this number to include myself; for, though I hurried immediately to bed, no rest could I obtain for some time, for the rumbling of carts, and the conversation of their drivers, just under my window. Fatigue at length got the better of all obstacles, and I fell asleep; but I had scarce closed my eyes, when I was awaked by a much louder noise, which was that of a whole pack of hounds, with their vociferous attendants, setting out to meet my friend, and some choice spirits, whom we had just left behind at the assembly, and who chose this manner of refreshment after a night's debauch, rather than the more usual and inglorious one of going to bed. These sounds dying  
away

away by their distance, I again composed myself to rest; but was presently again roused by more discordant tongues, uttering all the grossness of Drury-lane, and scurrility of Billingsgate. I now waked indeed with somewhat more satisfaction, at first thinking, by this unpastoral dialogue, that I was once more returned safe to London; but I soon found my mistake, and understood that these were some innocent and honest neighbours of sir John's, who were come to determine their gentle disputes before his tribunal, and being ordered to wait till his return from hunting, were resolved to make all possible use of this suspension of justice. It being now towards noon, I gave up all thoughts of sleep, and it was well I did; for I was presently alarmed by a confusion of voices, as loud, though somewhat sweeter than the former. As they proceeded from the parlour under me, amidst much giggling, laughing, squeaking and screaming, I could distinguish only the few following incoherent words—*horrible—frightful—ridiculous—Freisland hen—rouge—red lion at Brentford—stays padded—ram's-horn—saucy minx—impertinent coxcomb*. I started up, dressed me, and went down, where I found

found the same polite company, who breakfasted there the day before, in the same attitude, discoursing of their friends, with whom they had so agreeably spent the last night, and to whom they were again hastening with the utmost impatience. I was saluted with a how-d'ye from them all at the same instant, and again pressed into the service of the day.

IN this manner I went through the persecutions of the whole week, with the sufferings and resolution, but not with the reward of a martyr, as I found no peace at the last: for at the conclusion of it, sir John obligingly requested me to make my stay with him as long as I possibly could, assuring me, that though the races were now over, I should not want diversions; for that next week he expected lord Rattle, sir Harry Bumper, and a large fox-hunting party; and that the week after, being the full moon, they should pay and receive all their neighbouring visits, and spend their evenings very sociably together; by which is signified, in the country dialect, eating, drinking and playing at cards all night. My lady added with a smile, and much delight in her eyes, that she believed they should not be alone one hour in the

the whole week, and that she hoped I should not think the country so dull and melancholy a place as I expected. Upon this information I resolved to leave it immediately, and told them, I was extremely sorry that I was hindered by particular business from any longer enjoying so much polite and agreeable company; but that I had received a letter, which made it necessary for me to be in town. My friend said, he was no less concerned; but that I must not positively go, till after to-morrow; for that he then expected the mayor and aldermen of his corporation, some of whom were facetious companions, and sung well. This determined me to set out that very evening; which I did with much satisfaction; and made all possible haste, in search of silence and solitude, to my lodgings next door to a brasier's at Charing-cross.

NUMB.





NUMB. 154. THURSDAY, *Dec. 11,* 1755.

**S**TEPPING into a coffee-house in the Strand the other day, I saw a set of young fellows laughing very heartily over an old sessions-paper. The gravity of my appearance would not permit me to make any enquiry about what they were reading; I therefore waited with some impatience for their departure, and as soon as they were gone, took up the paper as it lay open, and found the subject of their mirth to have been the trial of a young lad of seventeen, for robbing a servant maid of her pockets in St. Paul's church-yard. The evidence of the maid was in the following words.

“AND please you, my lord, I had been  
“with another maid-servant at Drury-lane  
“playhouse to see the Country Wife. A bad-  
“dish sort of a play to be sure it turned out;  
“and I wish it did not put some wicked  
“thoughts into the head of my fellow-ser-  
“vant; for she gave me the slip in the play-  
“house

"house passage, and did not come home all  
 "night. So walking all alone by myself  
 "through St. Paul's church-yard, the pri-  
 "soner overtook me, and would needs have  
 "a kiss of me. Oho! young spark, thought  
 "I to myself, we have all been at the play I  
 "believe; but if a kiss will content you, why  
 "e'en take it, and go about your business;  
 "for you shall have nothing more from me,  
 "I promise you. This I said to myself, my  
 "lord, while the young man was kissing  
 "me; but, my lord, he went on to be quite  
 "audacious; so I stood stock-still against  
 "the wall, without so much as speaking a  
 "word; for I had a mind to see how far his  
 "impudence would carry him. But all at  
 "once, and please you, when I was thinking  
 "of no such thing, crack went my pocket-  
 "strings, and away ran the young man with  
 "my pockets in his hand. And then I  
 "thought it was high time to cry out; so I  
 "roared out murder and stop thief, till the  
 "watchmen took hold of him, and carried us  
 "both before the constable. And please  
 "you, my lord, I was never in such a flurry

“ in my life ; for who would have thought of  
 “ any such thing from so good-looking a  
 “ young man ? So I stood stock-still, as I  
 “ told you before, without so much as stirring  
 “ a finger ; for as he was so young a man, I  
 “ had a great curiosity to see how far his im-  
 “ pudence would carry him.”

THE extreme honesty of this evidence pleased me not a little ; and I could not help thinking that it might afford a very excellent lesson to those of my fair readers, who are sometimes for indulging their curiosity upon occasions where it would be prudence to suppress it, and for holding their tongues when they should be most ready to cry out.

MANY a female in genteeler life, has, I believe, indulged the same curiosity with this poor girl, without coming off so well, though the thief has never been brought to his trial at the Old Bailey for the robbery he has committed : indeed, the watchmen are usually asleep that should seize upon such thieves, unless it be now and then a husband or a father ; but the plunder is never to be restored.

To say the truth, the great destroyer of fe-  
 male

male honour is curiosity. It was the frailty of our first mother, and has descended in a double portion to almost every individual of her daughters. There are two kinds of it that I would particularly caution my fair country-women against: one is the curiosity above-mentioned, that of trying how far a man's impudence will carry him; and the other, that of knowing exactly their own strength, and how far they may suffer themselves to be tempted, and retreat with honour. I would also advise them to guard their pockets as well as their persons against the treachery of men: for in this age of play, it may be an undetermined point whether their designs are most upon a lady's purse or her honour: nor indeed is it easy to say, when the attack is made upon the purse, whether it may not be a prelude to a more dangerous theft.

It used formerly to be the practice, when a man had designs upon the virtue of a woman, to insinuate himself into her good graces by taking every opportunity of losing his money to her at cards. But the policy of the times has inverted this practice; and the way now to make sure of a woman is to strip her of her



money, and run her deeply in debt: for losses at cards are to be paid one way or other, or there is no possibility of appearing in company; and of what value is a lady's virtue, if she is always to stay at home with it?

A VERY gay young fellow of my acquaintance was complaining to me the other day of his extreme ill fortune at picquet. He told me that he had a very narrow miss of compleatly undressing one of the finest women about St. James's, but that an unfortunate repique had disappointed him of his hopes. The lady, it seems, had played with him at her own house till all her ready money was gone; and upon his refusing to proceed with her upon credit, she consented to his setting a small sum against her cap, which he won and put into his pocket, and afterwards her handkerchief; but that staking both cap and handkerchief and all his winnings against her tucker, he was most cruelly repiqued when he wanted but two points of the game, and obliged to leave the lady as well dressed as he found her.

THIS was indeed a very critical turn of fortune for the lady: for if she had gone on losing from top to bottom, what the last stake might have

have been I almost tremble to think. I am apprehensive that my friend's impudence would have carried him to greater lengths than the pickpocket's in the trial, and that he would hardly have contented himself with running off with her clothes : and besides, what modest woman, in such a situation, would object to any concessions, by which she might have recovered her clothes, and put herself into a condition to be seen ?

SINCE my friend's telling me this story, have been led into two or three mistakes walking through the streets and squares of the politer part of this metropolis : for as I am naturally short-sighted, I have mistaken a well-dressed woman's taylor, whom I have seen coming out of a genteel house with a bundle under his arm, for a gentleman who has had the good fortune to strip the lady of her clothes, and was moving off in triumph with his winnings.

To what lengths this new kind of gaming might have been carried, no one can tell, if the ladies had not taken up in time, and put a stop to beginnings. A prudent man, who knows he is not proof against the temptations

of play, will either keep away from masquerades and ridotto's, or lock up his purse in his *escritore*. But as among the ladies, the staying at home is an impracticable thing, they have adopted the other caution, and very prudently leave their clothes behind them. Hence it is that caps, handkerchiefs, tippets, and tuckers are rarely to be met with upon the young and handsome: for as they know their own weakness, and that the men are not always complaisant enough to play with them upon credit, they throw off at their toilettes all those coverings which they are in any immediate danger of losing at a *tête à tête*.

THE ladies will, I hope, think me intitled to their thanks at least, for ascribing to their prudence that nakedness of dress, which inconsiderate and ignorant persons have constantly mistaken for wantonness or indiscretion. At the same time I would recommend it to all young ladies who are known to be no gamesters, either to wear a covering on their necks, or to throw a cloak over their shoulders in all public places, lest it should be thought that by displaying their beauties to attract the eyes of the men, they have a *curiosity*, like the maid servant

vant in the trial, *to see how far their impudence will carry them.*

To conclude a little seriously, I would entreat my fair readers to leave gaming to the men, and the indelicacies of dress to the women of the town. The vigils of the card-table will fally those beauties which they are so desirous of exhibiting; and the want of concealment render them too familiar to be admired. These are common observations, I confess; but it is now the season for repeating and enforcing them. Loss of time and fortune are the usual mischiefs of play; but the ruin does not always end there: for, however great may be the paradox, many a woman has been driven to sell her HONOUR, to redeem her CREDIT. But I hope my country-women will be warned in time, and that they will study to deserve a better eulogy than was once given, in a funeral oration, of a lady who died at a hundred and five, “that  
“ towards the latter part of her life, she was  
“ exemplary for her chastity.”



NUMB. 155. THURSDAY, *December 18, 1755.*

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I HAVE the honour to sit at the feet of a Gamaliel in this city, in the capacity of a parish-clerk, which office I hold in commendam with the employment of an undertaker. The injuries I have suffered are so little cognizable by the laws of the land (till it shall please God to teach our senators so much wisdom as to amend them in this particular) that I have none to whom I can appeal, but the WORLD; to whom I beg that you would please to present this my humble remonstrance and proposal.

I HOPE you will excuse the trouble I now give you, not only because I chuse to submit myself to the judgment of your court, but as I have reason to believe that the news-writers would not be faithful enough to lay this complaint before the public; those gentlemen being the very parties concerned, and against whom it is to be lodged.

MY

My case, sir, is this. As I was one morning furnishing my head with the news of the day, to my great surprise I read a paragraph, which informed me that a very rich gentleman of our parish died the day before. This startled me, as I had never heard of his illness, and therefore had employed nobody to watch him in his last moments, and to bring me the earliest intelligence of his death, that I might not be wanting in my respects to the family by my condolence, and the offers of my service in paying the last duties to so worthy a master. I was apprehensive too, lest some sharper looker-out might be before-hand with me, and run away with the job. I therefore whipt on my black coat and white perriwig, as fast as I could, to wait on the disconsolate widow. I rung gently at the door, for fear of disturbing her; and to the footman who opened it, delivered my duty and condolence to his lady, and begged, if she was not provided with an undertaker, that I might have the honour to bury Mr. Deputy.

THE servant gaped and stared, and from the great concern he was under for the loss of his master (as I apprehended) was rendered so

stupid, that he seemed not readily to understand what I said. Before I could new frame my message, to put it, if possible, into more intelligible words, I was myself seized with the utmost horror and confusion, at seeing the apparition of the deceased stalk out of the counting-house, which opened into the passage where I stood. I observed a redness in his countenance, more than was usual in *dead people*; and indeed, more than he himself was wont to wear when he was alive: and there was a sternness and severity in his features, beyond what I had ever seen in him before. Strait a voice more dreadful than thunder burst out, and in the language of hell, swearing, cursing, calling me a thousand names, and telling me he would teach me to play tricks with Him, he dealt me half a score such substantial blows, as presently convinced me they could proceed from no ghost. I retreated with as much precipitation as I could, for fear of falling myself into the pit, which I hoped to have dug for Him.

THUS, sir, the wantonness of the newspapers disappointed me of furnishing out a funeral, deprived me of my dues as clerk, got  
me

me well thrashed, and will probably lose me the gentleman's custom for ever: for, perhaps, next time he dies, he will order another undertaker to be employed.

Now, sir, is it not a shame, that people should thus die daily, and not a single fee come to the clerk of the parish for a burial? and that the news-writers, without commission from his Majesty, or licence from Warwick-lane, should kill whom they please, and we not get a shilling to comfort us in the midst of so much mortality?

THERE are other inconveniences, though of an inferior consideration, which may attend this dying in print. A young heir at Oxford, just come of age, reads that his father was carried off by an apoplective fit such a day: catching the lucky minute, he marries that divine creature, his taylor's daughter, before the news can be contradicted. When it is, fear of the old gentleman's displeasure makes him bribe his new relations to secrecy for a while: in process of time, he marries a lady of fortune and family by his father's directions: Tatterrella raves with all the spirit and dignity of a lady of the British fishery; proves her  
prior



prior marriage; not only calls, but records lady Mary a whore; bastardizes the children of the second venter, and old Snip's grandson runs away with the estate.

How often have these disturbing papers whirled up expectants of places to town in their post-chaifes, to whirl back again, with the old SQUEEZE, and "I shall not forget you WHEN the place is vacant?" How often has even the reverend divine suffered the violent concussions of a hard-trotting horse for above threescore miles together, to wait on the patron of a benefice vacated by the Evening Post; where he has met with the mortification of smoaking a pipe with the incumbent? Perhaps a lady too, whose tenderness and sensibility could not permit her to attend her sick husband to Bath, reads an account of his death in the papers. What shrieks, what faintings, what tears, what inexpressible grief afflicts the poor relict! And when she has mourned in half a week, as much as any reasonable widow would do in a whole year; and (having paid the legacy of sorrow to his memory in three days, which by the courtesy of England she might have taken a twelve-month

month for) begins to think of a *new husband*, home comes the *old one*, and talks in rapture of the virtues of Bath-water. While all the satisfaction the news-writers give this unfeignedly afflicted poor lady, is, "The death of "A. B, Esq; mentioned in these papers last week, proves a mistake."

I KNOW but one instance where any regard to us parish-clerks has been had, or our interests in the least taken care of in these temporary and occasional deaths; and that was of a gentleman of rank, who was generally reported and allowed for dead. His heirs at law, not caring to bury the real body, for reasons best known to themselves (though one of those reasons might be because it was alive) yet convinced of the reasonableness that a funeral should follow a demise, dug up a poor drowned sailor out of a hole on the shore, into which he had been tumbled, and with great solemnity interred the *departed* knight by proxy. There was justice in this; every man had his due. It was acting with the wisdom of an old Athenian.

A PRACTICE of the Athenians may serve as an answer to such (if any such there are)  
who

who from modern prejudices object to the funerals of people not really dead. Our doctor told us in one of his sermons upon regeneration, that among these Athenians if one who was living, were reported to be dead, and funeral obsequies performed for him—(which plainly implies their custom of celebrating funerals for persons who were dead in their news-papers, though they were not so in reality)—if afterwards he appeared, and pretended to be alive, he was looked upon as a prophane and unlucky person, and no one would keep him company. One who fell under this misfortune (it matters not for his name, though I think the doctor called him Harry Stonehouse,\* or something like it) consulted the oracle how he might be readmitted among the living: the oracle commanded him to be regenerated, or new christened; which was accordingly done, and grew to be the established method of receiving such persons into community again.

AND here in England before the reformation, as I am informed, it was usual when a rich person died, to celebrate yearly and daily

\* *Aristinus.*

daily masses, obits, and commemorations for him; so that one who died but once, should be as good as buried a thousand times over: but among us it is just the reverse; a man may die here a thousand times, and be buried but once.

HOWEVER, I hate popery, and would not with the restoration of it: yet as I hope a christian country will not come behind-hand with a heathen one in wisdom and justice, permit me to recommend the practice of the Athenians before-mentioned, and petition the WORLD immediately to pass it into a fashion, and ordain that hereafter, every man living, who has been killed in the news-papers, shall account to the clerk of the parish where such decease is reported to have happened; or, if no place is specified, to the clerk of the parish where the person has resided for the greater part of the month preceding, for a burial fee: and also before he is admitted to any ball, rout, assembly, tavern, church, drum, or coffee-house, that he account to the said clerk for his regeneration, or new-christening fee: and in case the report was made without the privity and

CON-



consent of the party, and he shall be found not guilty of his own death, that then he shall have a fashionable demand upon the publishers for the recovery of both fees to reimburse himself.

THIS sir, might put some stop to this very alarming practice, so grievously to the disappointment of widows, heirs and expectants: or at least do some justice to that very respectable, but greatly injured body of parish-clerks, to which I have the honour to belong.

I am,

S I R,

*Your most obedient*

*bumble servant,*

THOMAS BASSOON.

NUMB.



NUMB. 156. THURSDAY, December 25, 1755.

*An ideo tantum venis, ut exires?* MARTIAL.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

AS I find you are a person who make the reformation of mankind your care, and stand forth like another Hercules to correct the irregularities and indiscretions which folly, vice, or that unmeaning fickle thing, called fashion, give birth to; I take the liberty of troubling you with my thoughts upon a species of animals, which at present are very numerous, and to be found in all places of public amusement. But though I am going to give you my remarks upon this race of beings, I must confess that I have never yet heard of any appellation by which they are distinguished. The futility indeed of the age, has occasioned many ridiculous and contemptible persons to rise up among us, who without aiming

aiming at any laudable purpose, or acting under the dictates of any principle, have formed themselves into clubs and societies, and assumed names and titles, as innocent of sense and meaning, as are the persons themselves who bear them. Such are the *Bucks, Stags, Bloods*, and many more with which the news-papers have from time to time made me acquainted. But the animals which I would now place under your notice, are of a very different kind; they are, in short, a species of young men, who, from a certain blind impulse, are always rambling up and down this town, and never fail to be present at all places of diversion, without having a taste or capacity to enjoy any.

UPON my going lately to a capital play, I saw several of them sitting indeed with great order and decorum, but so inattentive, so indifferent, and unmoved through the whole performance, whilst the rest of the audience were all eye and ear, that they appeared to me to be so many statues. Their behaviour surprised me extremely, and led me at the same time to ask myself, for what purpose these young sparks come to a play, and if, like Cato  
of

of old, it was *only to go away again*? For if they never attend to what passes before them, if they are not susceptible of those emotions, which a well-wrought scene raises in every feeling breast, if they do not follow the actor through all the sweet delusion of his art, in short, if they do not as other people do, *laugh with those that laugh, and weep with those that weep*, what business have they there?

To judge indeed by their appearance, one would imagine nothing could make them quit their tea-table and looking-glass. And yet, sir, no public place is free from them; though as far as I can judge, the opera-house is their favourite haunt. To reconcile this seeming contradiction, I must inform you that I have studied and examined them with great attention, and find their whole composition to consist of two ingredients only; these are, *self-admiration* and *insensibility*; and to these two causes, operating jointly and separately, all their actions must be referred. Hence it is, that they are always to be found in public places, where they go, not to *see*, but to be *seen*, nor to *hear*, but to be *heard*. Hence it is, that they are so devoted to the opera; and  
here



here indeed they seem to be peculiarly directed by that power, called *instinct*, which always prompts every creature to pursue what is best and fittest for it. Now the opera is to them, if I may use the expression, a very nursing mother, which feeds them with the pap of its own soft nonsense, and lulls and rocks them to their desired repose. This is indeed their proper element, and as if inspired by the genius of the place, I have sometimes seen them brighten up and appear with an air of joy and satisfaction.

THE mind, as well as the stomach, must have food fitted and prepared to its taste and humour, or it will reject and loath it: now the opera is so good a cook, and knows so well to please the palates of these her guests, that it is wonderful to see with what an appetite they devour whatever she sets before them: nay, so great is their partiality, that the same food dressed by another hand, shall have no relish; but minced and frittered by this their favourite, shall be delicious. The plain beef and mustard of Shakespear (though served up by very good cooks) turn their stomachs, while the maccaroni of Rolli, is, in their opinion, a  
dish

dist fit for the Gods. Thus Julius Cæsar, killed by the conspirators, never touches them; but *Julio Cæfare*, killing himself, and singing and stabbing, and stabbing and singing, till swan-like, he expires, is *caro caro*, and *divino*. Scipio, the great conqueror of Afric, is with them a mighty silly fellow; but *Shippione* is a charming creature. It is evident then, that the food must be suited to the taste, as the taste to the food; and as the waters of a certain fountain of Thessaly, from their benumbing quality, could be contained in nothing but the hoof of an ass, so can this languid and disjointed composition find no admittance but in such heads as are expressly formed to receive it. Thus their insensibility appears as well in what they like, as in what they reject; and like a faithful companion, attends them at all times, and in all places: for I have remarked that, wherever they are, they bring a *mind not to be changed by time or place*. However, as a play is the very touchstone of the passions, the neutrality which they so strictly observe, is no where so conspicuous as at the theatres. There they are to be seen, one while when tears are flowing all around them, another  
when

when the very benches are cracking with peals of laughter, sitting as calm and serene, as if they had nothing but their own innocent thoughts to converse with.

UPON considering their character and temper, as far as they can be guessed at by their actions, and observing the apathy in which they seem to be wrapt, I once was inclined to think, that they might be a sect of philosophers, who had adopted the maxims of the stoics of old : but when I recollected that a thirst after knowledge, contempt of pain, and whatever is called evil, together with an inflexible rectitude in all their actions, were the characteristics of those sages, I soon perceived my mistake : for I cannot say, that I ever found that these philosophers practise any of those virtues. To speak the truth, it is very difficult to know in what class to place them, and under what denomination they ought to pass. Were I to decide, I should at once pronounce them to belong to the vegetable world, and place them among the beings of still life ; for they seem to be too much under the standard of their species to be allowed to rank with the rest of mankind. To be serious, is  
it

it not strange that their heads and hearts should be impenetrable to all the passions that affect the rest of the world; nay, even more so than age itself, whose feelings Time with his icy hand has chilled, and almost extinguished? And yet age, with all its infirmities, is more quick, more alive, and susceptible of the finer passions, than these sons of indifference in their prime and vigour of youth.

AN old woman, whom I found at my side in the pit the other night, gave me an instance of the truth of this assertion. She did justice both to the poet and the actors, and bestowed her applause plentifully, though never but where it was due. At the same time I saw several of these inanimate bodies sitting as unconcerned, as if they had not known the language, or could not hear what was said upon the stage.

It is a proverbial expression (though perhaps a little injurious) to call an insipid and senseless person of the male sex an *old woman*. For my part I was so charmed with mine, that I will make no disrespectful comparisons: but yet, sir, how contemptible must these triflers be, who can be out-done by a toothless  
old



old woman, in quickness, spirit, and the exertion of their faculties? From a regard then to that agreeable and sensible matron, I will not liken these *insensibles* to those grave personages; but yet I cannot forbear thinking that they approach very near to what is most like old women, *old men*; and that they resemble the picture of those crazy beings in the last stage of life, as drawn by that inimitable painter of human nature, Shakespear: for these young men, like his old men, are *sans eyes, sans ears, sans taste, sans every thing.*

I am, SIR,

*Your faithful humble servant,*

PHILONOUS.

P. S. The verses underneath upon the same subject as the letter, I venture to tack to it (like a bit of embroidery to a plain cloth) and if you think either or both deserving any notice, you may present them with my service to the gentle reader.

The

## The INSENSIBLE.

*While crowded theatres attentive sit,  
 And loud applauses echo through the pit,  
 Unconscious of the cunning of the scene,  
 Sits smiling FLORIO with insipid mein.  
 Fix'd like a standing lake, in dull repose,  
 No grief, no joy, his GENTLE bosom knows;  
 NATURE and GARRICK no attention gain,  
 And hapless WIT darts all her stings in vain.  
 Thus on the Alps eternal frosts appear,  
 Which mock the changes of the various year;  
 Intensest suns unheeded roll away,  
 "And on th' impassive ice the lightnings play."*



NUMB. 157. THURSDAY, Jan. 1, 1756.

ONE can scarce pass an hour in any company, without hearing it frequently asserted, that the present generation of servants in this country are the proudest, and the laziest, the most profligate, insolent, and extravagant set of mortals any where to be found on the face of the globe: to which indisputable truth I always readily give my assent, with but one

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single

single exception, which is that of their masters and ladies. Now, though by this exception I have incurred the contemptuous smiles of many a wise face, and the indignant frowns of many a pretty one, yet I shall here venture to shew, that the pride and laziness of our servants, from whence their profligacy, insolence and extravagance must unavoidably proceed, are entirely owing, not only to our example, but to our cultivation, and are but the natural productions of the same imperfections in ourselves.

IN the first place then, pride has put it into our heads, that it is most honourable to be waited on by gentlemen and ladies; and all, who are really such by birth or education, having also too much of the same pride, however necessitous, to submit to any servitude, however easy, we are obliged to take the lowest of the people, and convert them by our own ingenuity into the genteel personages, we think proper should attend us. Hence our very footmen are adorned with gold and silver, with bags, toupees, and ruffles: the valet de chambre cannot be distinguished from his master, but by being better dressed; and Joan, who

used to be but *as good as my lady in the dark*, is now by no means her inferior in the daylight. In great families I have frequently intreated the *maitre d'Hotel* to go before me, and have pulled a chair for the butler, imagining them to be part, and not the least genteel part, of the company. Their diversions too are no less polite than their appearance; in the country they are sportsmen, in town they frequent plays, opera's, and taverns, and at home have their routs and their gaming-tables.

BUT lest thus exalting our servants to an equality with ourselves should not sufficiently augment their pride, and destroy all subordination, we take another method still more effectually to compleat the work, which is, debasing ourselves to their meanness by a ridiculous imitation of their dresses and occupations. Hence were derived the flapped hat, and cropped hair, the green frock, the long staff, and buckskin breeches: hence, amongst the ladies, the round-eared cap, the stuff night-gown, white apron, and black leather shoe: and hence many persons of the highest rank daily employ themselves in riding

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matches,



matches, driving coaches, or in running before them, in order to convince their domestics how greatly they are inferior to them in the execution of these honourable offices. Since then we make use of so much art to corrupt our servants, have we reason to be angry with their concurrence? Since we take so much pains to inform them of their superiority, and our weakness, can we be surprised that they despise us, or be displeased with their insolence and impertinence?

As the pride of servants thus proceeds from the pride, so does their laziness from the laziness of their masters: and indeed, if there is any characteristic peculiar to the young people of fashion of the present age, it is their laziness, or an extreme unwillingness to attend to any thing, that can give them the least trouble, or disquietude; without any degree of which they would fain enjoy all the luxuries of life, in contradiction to the dispositions of providence, and the nature of things. They would have great estates without any management, great expences without any accounts, and great families without any discipline or œconomy: in short, they are fit  
only

only to be inhabitants of *Lubberland*, where, as the child's geography informs us, men lie upon their backs with their mouths open, and it rains fat pigs, ready roasted. From this principle, when the pride they have infused into their servants has produced a proportionable degree of laziness, their own laziness is too prevalent to suffer them to struggle with that of their servants; and they rather chuse that all business should be neglected, than to enforce the performance of it; and to give up all authority, rather than take the pains to support it: from whence it happens, that in great and noble families, where the domestics are very numerous, they will not so much as wait upon themselves; and was it not for the friendly assistance of chair-women, porters, chairmen and shoe-blacks, procured by a generous distribution of coals, candles and provisions, the common offices of life could never be executed. In such it is often as difficult to procure conveniencies, as in a desert island; and one frequently wants necessaries in the midst of profuseness and extravagance. In such families I have sometimes been shut up in a cold room, and interdicted from the

use of fire and water for half a day; and, though during my imprisonment I have seen numberless servants continually passing by, the utmost I could procure of them was, that they would send somebody to relieve my necessities, which they never performed. In such I have seen, when a favourite dog has discharged a too plentiful dinner in the drawing-room, at the frequent ringing of the bell numerous attendants make their appearance, all intreated to depute some one to remove the nuisance with the utmost expedition, but no one has been found in such a house mean enough to undertake such an employment; and so it has lain smoking under the noses of the illustrious company during the whole evening.

I COULD produce innumerable instances, minute indeed and unobserved, but well worthy observation, of the encroachments of our servants on our easiness and indolence, in the introduction of most of the fashions that have prevailed for several years past, in our equipages and domestic œconomy; all which are entirely calculated for their pleasure, ease, or advantage, in direct contradiction to our  
own.

own. To mention but a few: our coaches are made uneasy, but light, that they may whirl us along with the utmost rapidity, for their own amusement. Glasses before are laid aside, and we are immured in the dark, that the coachman may no longer be under our inspection, but be drunk or asleep without any observation. Family liveries are discarded, because badges of scurrility, which might give information to whom their wearers belonged, and to whom complaints might be addressed of their enormities. By their carelessness and idleness they have obliged us to hire all our horses, and so have got rid of the labour of looking after them. By their impositions on the road they have forced us into post-chaises, by which means they are at liberty to travel by themselves, as it best suits their own ease and convenience. By their impertinence, which we have not patience to endure, nor resolution to repress, they have reduced us to dumb-waiters, that is, to wait upon ourselves; by which means they have shaken off the trouble and condescension of attending us. By their profusion and mismanagement in house-keeping, they have compelled us to allow them



board-wages, by which means they have obtained a constant excuse to loiter at public-houses, and money in their pockets to squander there in gaming, drunkenness, and extravagance. The last of these is an evil of so gigantic a size, so conducive to the universal corruption of the lower part of this nation, and so entirely destructive of all family order, decency and œconomy, that it well deserves the consideration of a legislature, who are not themselves under the influence of their servants, and can pay them their wages without any inconvenience.

FROM what has been said it plainly appears, that every man in this country is ill served in proportion to the number and dignity of his servants: the parson, or the tradesman, who keeps but two maids and a boy not exceeding twelve years old, is usually very well waited on; the private gentleman infinitely worse; but persons of great fortunes or quality, afraid of the idols of their own setting up, are neglected, abused and impoverished by their dependants; and the King himself, as is due to his exalted station, is more imposed on, and worse attended, than any one of his subjects.

NUMB.



NUMB. 158. THURSDAY, Jan. 8, 1756.

**D**URING the course of these my labours, there is nothing that I have applied myself to with more diligence and attention, or that I have hoped for with greater pleasure and delight, than the reformation of the fair sex. Their dressing, gaming and painting have been from time to time the subjects of my animadversions. Happy indeed should I have been, if my success had borne any proportion to my zeal: but as my philosophy has taught me to bear with patience those evils which I cannot redress, I am contented, under certain limitations, to wink at those enormities which I wanted to have removed. In regard to dress, I consent that the fashion shall continue as it now is; but I enter my protest against absolute nakedness: for while I am conniving at low stays and short petticoats, I will permit no lady whatsoever (as a brother essayist very wittily has it) *to make both ends meet*. I consent also to the present

H 5

fashion

fashion of curling the hair, so that it may stand a month without combing; though I must confess (and I believe most husbands and lovers are of my opinion) that I think a fortnight or three weeks might be a sufficient time: but I bar any application to those foreign artists, who advertise in the public papers that they have the secret of making up a lady's head for a complete quarter of a year. As to gaming, I permit it to go on as it does, provided that the ladies will content themselves with injuring their husbands in no other respect than by ruining their fortunes. Painting likewise I submit to; and indeed as cards and late hours have so totally destroyed the natural complexion, it is not altogether unreasonable that a little art should be introduced to repair it. But to make this art as little hurtful as possible to the health, the breath, the teeth and the skin of those who practice it, I have consulted almost every author both ancient and modern, who has written on the subject. The most satisfactory of these authors is Jo. Paul Lomatius, a painter of Milan. His works were translated by Richard Haydock of New college, Oxford, in the year

1598. In the third book of which are the following observations, which the author calls *a discourse of the artificial beauty of women.*

“ HAVING intreated of so many and divers  
 “ things, I could not but say something of  
 “ such matters as women use ordinarily in  
 “ beautifying and embellishing their faces ; a  
 “ thing well worth the knowledge : inso-  
 “ much as many women are so possessed with  
 “ a desire of helping their complexions by  
 “ some artificial meanes, that they will by  
 “ no meanes be dissuaded from the same.

“ Now the things which they use are  
 “ these, viz. ointments of divers sorts, pow-  
 “ ders, fatts, waters, and the like : whereof  
 “ Jo. Modonese, doctor of physick, hath writ-  
 “ ten at large, in his book intituled the orna-  
 “ ments of women, wherein he teacheth the  
 “ whole order of beautifying the face.

“ Now my intent in this treatise is only to  
 “ discover the natures of certain things which  
 “ are in daily use for this purpose ; because  
 “ it often falleth out, that instead of beauti-  
 “ fying, they do most vilely disfigure them-  
 “ selves. The reason whereof is, because  
 “ they are ignorant of the natures and quali-  
 “ ties



“ ties of the ingredients. Howbeit, partly by  
 “ my directions, and partly by Modoneſe’s  
 “ book, I hope to content and ſatisfy them in  
 “ all ſuch ſort, that they ſhall have juſt cauſe  
 “ to thank us both: and in truth, for their  
 “ ſakes have I ſpecially undertaken this paines,  
 “ by teaching them to underſtand the natures  
 “ of the minerals, vegetables and animals,  
 “ which are moſt applied to this uſe. So that  
 “ if any ſhall henceforth fall into the inconve-  
 “ niencie after ſpecified, their own perril be  
 “ it. And firſt, concerning ſublimite.

“ *Of SUBLIMATE, and the bad effects thereof.*

“ DIVERS women uſe ſublimite diverſly  
 “ prepared for encrease of their beauty. Some  
 “ bray it with quickſilver in a marble mor-  
 “ tar with a wooden peſtle, and this they call  
 “ *argentatum*; others boyl it in water, and  
 “ therewith waſh their face; ſome grind it  
 “ with pomatum, and ſundry other waies;  
 “ but this is ſure, that which way ſoever it be  
 “ uſed, it is very offensive to man’s fleſh, and  
 “ that not only to the face, but unto all the  
 “ other parts of the body beſides; for proof  
 “ whereof,

“ whereof, sublimate is called *dead fier* : be-  
 “ cause of its malignant and biting nature :  
 “ the composition whereof is of *salte, quicksil-*  
 “ *ver* and *vitriol*, distilled together in a glas-  
 “ sen vessell.

“ THIS the chirurgions call a corrosive,  
 “ because if it be put upon man’s flesh, it  
 “ burneth it in a short space, mortifying the  
 “ place, not without great pain to the patient.  
 “ Wherefore such women as use it about  
 “ their face, have always black teeth standing  
 “ far out of their gums like a Spanish mule,  
 “ an offensive breath, with a face half scorch-  
 “ ed, and an unclean complexion : all which  
 “ proceed from the nature of sublimate : so  
 “ that simple women, thinking to grow more  
 “ beautiful, become disfigured, hastening old  
 “ age before the time, and giving occasion to  
 “ their husbands to seek strangers instead of  
 “ their wives, with divers other inconve-  
 “ niencies.

“ *Of CERUSSE, and the effects thereof.*

“ THE cerusse, or white lead, which wo-  
 “ men use to better their complexion, is made

“ of lead and vinegar, which mixture is natu-  
 “ rally a great drier ; so that those women  
 “ which use it about their faces, doe quickly  
 “ become withered and grey-headed, because  
 “ this doth so mightily dry up the natural  
 “ moysture of their flesh : and if any give not  
 “ credit to my report, let them but observe  
 “ such as have used it, and I doubt not but  
 “ they will easily be satisfied.

“ *Of* PLUME ALUME.

“ THIS alume is a kind of stone, which  
 “ seemeth as it were made of tow, and is of  
 “ so hot and dry a nature, that if you make  
 “ the wicke of a candle therewith, it is  
 “ thought it will burn continually without  
 “ going out ; a very strange matter, and be-  
 “ yond credit. With this, some use to rub  
 “ the skin off their face, to make it seem red  
 “ by reason of the inflammation it procureth ;  
 “ but questionlesse it hath divers inconvenien-  
 “ cies, and therefore to be avoided.

“ *Of*

*“ Of the JUICE of LEMONS.*

“ SOME use the juice of lemons about their  
 “ face, not knowing the evil qualities there-  
 “ of: for it is so forcible, that it dissolveth  
 “ the hardest stones into water, and there is  
 “ nothing which sooner dissolveth pearl than it.  
 “ Now if it can dissolve stones in this man-  
 “ ner, what think you will it do upon man’s  
 “ flesh? Wherefore I exhort all women to  
 “ eschewe this and the like fretting and wear-  
 “ ing medicines.

*“ Of the OYL of TARTARIE.*

“ THERE is no stronger fretter and eater  
 “ than the oyl of tartarie, which in a very  
 “ short time mortifieth a wound, as well as  
 “ any other caustic or corrosive; and being  
 “ so strong a fretter, it will take any stain  
 “ or spot out of linen, or woollen cloth-  
 “ wherefore we may easily think, that if it be  
 “ used about the face, it will work the like  
 “ effects on the same, by scorching and  
 “ hardening



“ hardening it so, that in many days it will  
 “ not return to the former state. —

“ *Of the ROCKE ALUME.*

“ ROCKE alume doth likewise hurt the  
 “ face, insomuch as it is a very piercing  
 “ and drying mineral, and is used in strong  
 “ water for the dissolving of metals, which  
 “ water is made only of rocke alume and  
 “ sal nitrum distilled, and is found to be  
 “ of that strength, that one drop thereof being  
 “ put on the skin, burneth, shriveleth and  
 “ parcheth it, with divers other inconvenien-  
 “ cies, as loosing the teeth, &c.

“ *Of CAMPHIRE.*

“ CAMPHIRE is so hot and drie, that com-  
 “ ing any-thing neere the fier, it suddenly  
 “ taketh fier, and burneth most vehemently.  
 “ This being applied to the face, scaldeth it  
 “ exceedingly, causing a great alteration, by  
 “ parching of the skinne, and procuring a  
 “ flushing in the face; and in this the wo-  
 “ men are very much deceived.

“ *Of*

*“ Of all such things as are enemies to the health,  
“ and hurtful to the complexion.*

*“ ALL those paintings and embellishings  
“ which are made with minerals and corro-  
“ sives, are very dangerous ; for being laid  
“ upon the flesh, especially on the face of a  
“ woman, which is very tender and delicate  
“ by nature (besides the harm they doe to  
“ the natural beauty) doe much prejudice the  
“ health of the body: for it is very certain  
“ that all paintings and colourings made of  
“ minerals or half minerals, as iron, brasse, lead,  
“ tinn, sublimate, cerusse, camphire, juice of  
“ lemons, plume alume, salt peeter, vitriol,  
“ and all manner of saltes and sortes of alumes  
“ (as hath bin declared) are very offensive to  
“ the complexion of the face ; wherefore if  
“ there be no remedy, but women will be  
“ meddling with this arte of polishing, let  
“ them insteede of those mineral stufes, use  
“ the remedies following.*

*“ Of*

*“ Of suche helpes of beauty as may safely be used  
 “ without danger.*

“ THERE is nothing in the world which  
 “ doth more beautifie and adorne a woman,  
 “ than cheerefulness and contentment: for it  
 “ is not the red and white which giveth the  
 “ gracious perfection of beauty, but certain  
 “ sparkling notes and touches of amiable  
 “ cheerfulness accompanying the same; the  
 “ truth whereof may appear in a dis-  
 “ contented woman, otherwise exceeding  
 “ faire, who at that instant will seem y<sup>e</sup> fa-  
 “ voured and unlovely; as contrariwise, an  
 “ hard-favoured and browne woman, being  
 “ merry, pleasant and jocond, will seem suf-  
 “ ficient beautiful.

“ SECONDLY honesty; because though a  
 “ woman be fair and merry, and yet be dis-  
 “ honest, she must needs seem most ugly to  
 “ an ingenuous and honest mind.

“ THIRDLY wisdom: for a foolish, vain,  
 “ giggling dame cannot be reputed fair, inso-  
 “ much as she hath an impure and polluted  
 “ mind.

“ BUT

“BUT hereof sufficient, till a further opportunity be ministred. Mean while, if any be desirous to be more satisfied in this point, I referre them to an oration or treatise of Nazienzen’s concerning this matter.”

THUS far Lomatius; and as I have not been able to procure the treatise he refers to, I could wish with all my heart that the ladies would lay aside their paint for a few weeks, and make trial of his receipt. It will indeed cost them some trouble, and may possibly require a little alteration in their manner of living: but I will venture to assert, that the united toilettes of a hundred women of fashion cannot furnish a composition that will be half so efficacious.



NUMB. 159. THURSDAY, Jan. 15, 1756.

OLD as I am, my curiosity carried me the other night to see the new dramatic satire, called The Apprentice, which, considering the present epidemic madness for theatrical



cal employments raging through the lower ranks of people, will I hope be as serviceable to cure the English mob of that idle disorder, as the immortal work of Cervantes was to exorcise from the breasts of the Spanish nobility the demon of knight-errantry. The piece is new and entertaining, and has received no inconsiderable advantages from the masterly performance of a principal comedian, who, with a true genius for the stage, has very naturally represented the contemptible insufficiency of a pert pretension to it. At my return to my lodgings, I found the following letter on my table.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

AMONG the many benevolent designs which have adorned the present well-disposed age, I remember to have read one a few years ago, in a periodical pamphlet, entitled, "A proposal for building an hospital for *decayed authors*," which gave me, and many other charitable people, much satisfaction. If the aged, the lame and the blind are proper objects of compassion, how much more so are those,

those, who (if I may use the expression) have mutilated their understandings by an application to an art, which incapacitates its professors for all other pursuits! How many sublime genius's have we daily seen, who, scorning the mechanic drudgeries, to which they have been destined by their muck-worm parents, have so feasted their minds with Pierian delicacies, as to leave their bodies to perish through nakedness and hunger.

HAVING heard that the author of that essay made an impression not only upon those who shed often the tears of pity, but even upon usurers, attorneys and sober tradesmen, I have ventured, by the conveyance of your paper, to lay my thoughts before the public, in compassion to the distressed of another order of men, who, in a subordinate degree, are connected with the sublime race of authors, and, as retainers to the muses, claim mine and your assistance. The persons I mean are such as, either from the want of ambition or capacity, are prevented from soaring high enough to oblige mankind with their own conceptions, and yet having a taste or inclination above handling a yard, or engrossing parchment, entertain

tain and instruct the rest of their species by retailing the thoughts of others, and animating their own carcasses with the ever-living sentiments of heroes, heroines, wits and legislators. These gentlemen and ladies, whilst they are resident in London, are called in plain English, ACTORS; but when they condescend to exhibit their illustrious personages in the country, the common people distinguish them by the name of STAGE-PLAYERS, the rural gentry by the uncivil appellation of STROLLERS, and a more unmannerly act of parliament by the names of VAGRANTS and VAGABONDS. Such, sir, is the present ill-bred dialect of our common statute law.

I MUST confess it has grieved me not a little, when I have beheld a theatrical veteran, who has served all the campaigns of Alexander, Julius Cæsar, and Henry the fifth, cast off by cruel fate, or the caprice of a manager, and condemned (in the tragic words of a celebrated poet)

*to beg his bitter bread*

*Through realms his valour sav'd:*

but

but judge, Mr. Fitz-Adam, what must have been my anxiety, when I have heard that a truly christian actor (which is no small miracle in our days) who has inoffensively trod the stage many years without ever molesting our passions, or breaking the commandment by representing *the likeness of any thing upon the earth*, should be discarded merely upon the account of this his quiet deportment, and sent to eat the unmuse-like bread of industry, behind the entrenchment of a counter! Shall a man, born with a soul aspiring to imitate the rapine of a Bajazet, or a woman with a heart burning to emulate the whoredoms of a Cleopatra, be sent, the one to weigh out sugar and spices to dirty mechanics, and the other to be cruelly fettered in the bonds of matrimony, among a phlegmatic race of creatures, where chastity is reckoned a virtue? Indeed, sir, when you come seriously to think of these things, I dare say you will lament with me, that in all this hospital-erecting town there is no charitable asylum yet founded for these unfortunate representatives of the greatest personages that ever trod the stage of earth.

We are told by Hamlet, that it is not impossible



possible to trace Alexander's carcase, after his world-conquering spirit had left it, to the stopping of a bung-hole: but methinks it would not be decent for so civilized a nation as our own, to suffer any *living* hero to be so reduced by fortune, as to stop that place, which the *dead* Macedonian monarch was supposed to perform the office of clay to. In plain English, would it not be shocking to see a fine perriwig-pated emperor, whom we have beheld ascend the Capitol as Julius Cæsar, degraded to fill small-beer barrels at Hockley in the hole?

*To what base uses may we turn?*

But that such heart-breaking anticipations may not weigh upon the spirits of these theatrical genius's, while they are bringing the stately personages of antiquity before our eyes; and that our Pyrrhusses, Tamerlanes and Marc Antonies, even though itinerant, may not sneak into the sheepish look of taylors, by foreboding that the cruel lot of fate may ere long destine those legs, which are now adorned with the regal buskin, to cross one another again upon

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an obscure shop-board in a garret ; I say, that we may drive misery from the minds of these worthies, when she puts on such horrid shapes, I would propose to the nobility and gentry of this metropolis a subscription for raising an hospital for decayed actors and actresses, that our performers may constantly be cherished with the assurance that meagre want shall never grin at their royal heels, and that whenever age, accident, or the caprice of the town deprives those of their heroic callings, who fortunately have escaped violent deaths (for these representatives of heroes are sometimes known to imitate their originals, and as the poet sings,

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*ere nature bids them die,  
Fate takes them early to the pitying sky)*

they will be supported whilst alive; and, *when the sisters three shall slit the fatal thread*, they may be enabled to make an exit as they have lived, in mimetic grandeur, and have the insignia of their honours carried before them *to the grave's lightless mansion.*

If I find the generality of your readers are inclined to encourage this useful charity, I will

take the liberty to offer to them a plan for the building such an hospital, a scheme for the raising a fund for its support, to point out what qualifications are necessary to entitle a candidate to a place in it, and last of all, to recapitulate the many advantages that must necessarily be derived to society from so laudable an undertaking.

BUT that no well disposed persons may be influenced by the uncharitable insinuation that I have some selfish views in the erecting this hospital, I think it absolutely necessary to declare, that I am neither an unemployed physician, an unpractised surgeon, nor a drugless apothecary; nor do I any other way expect either emolument or pleasure from the institution, than in that sweetest of sensations which the heart feels in having contributed to the relief of others, which always rises in proportion to the object. What then, and how great must be mine, to have contributed to the comfort of so illustrious a race of worthies!

I am, with very sincere esteem,

SIR,

*Your most humble faithful servant,*

A. Z.



NUMB. 160. THURSDAY, Jan. 22, 1756.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

**I** THINK, sir, more than three years are past, since you began to bestow your labours on the reformation of the follies of the age. You have more than once hinted at the great success that has attended your endeavours; but surely, Mr. Fitz-Adam, you deceive yourself. Which of your papers has effectuated any real amendment? Have fewer fools gone to, or returned from France, since you commenced author? or have fewer French follies been purchased or propagated by those who never were in France? Do not women, dressed French, still issue from houses dressed Chinese, to theatres dressed Italian, in spite of your grave admonitions? Do the young men wear less claret, or the beauties less *rouge*, in obedience to your lectures? Do men of fashion, who used to fling for a thousand pounds a throw, now cast only for five hundred? or if



they should, do you impute it to Your credit with Them, or to Their want of credit? I do not mean, sir, to depreciate the merit of your lucubrations: in point of effect, I believe they have operated as great reformation as the discourses of the divine Socrates, or the sermons of the affecting Tillotson. I really believe you would have corrected that young Athenian marquis Alcibiades, as soon as his philosophic preceptor. What I would urge is, that all the preachers in the world, whether jocose, satyric, severe, or damnatory, will never be able to bring about a reformation of manners, by the mere charms of their eloquence or exhortation. You cannot imagine, Mr. Fitz-Adam, how much edge it would give to your wit to be backed by a little temporal authority. We may in vain regret the simplicity of manners of our ancestors, while there are no sumptuary laws to restrain luxury, no ecclesiastical censures to castigate vice. I shall offer to your readers an instance or two, to elucidate the monstrous disproportion between our riches and extravagance, and the frugality of former times; and then produce some of the wholesome censures and penalties, which the elders of

of the church were empowered to impose on persons of the first rank, who contravened the established rules of sobriety and decorum.

How would our progenitors have been astonished at reading the very first article in the late will of a grocer ! Imprimis, I give to my dear wife, *one hundred thousand pounds*. A sum exceeding a benevolence, or two subsidies, some ages ago. Nor was this enormous legacy half the personal estate of the above-mentioned tradesman, on whom I am far from designing to reflect : he raised his fortune honestly and industriously : but I hope some future antiquarian, struck with the prodigality of the times, will compute how much sugar and plumbs have been wasted weekly in one considerable parish in London, or even in one or two streets in that parish, before a single shopkeeper could have raised four hundred thousand pounds by retailing those and such like commodities. Now let us turn our eyes back to the year 1385, and we shall find no less a person than the incomparable and virtuous lady Joan, princess dowager of Wales, by her last will and testament bequeathing the following simple moveables ;

and we may well believe they were the most valuable of her possessions, as she divided them between her son the king, and her other children. To her son, king Richard, she gave her new bed of red velvet, embroidered with ostrich feathers of silver, and heads of leopards of gold, with boughs and leaves proceeding from their mouths. Also to her son Thomas, earl of Kent, her bed of red camak, paled with red, and rays of gold; and to John Holland, her other son, one bed of red camak. These particulars are faithfully copied from Dugdale, vol. 2. p. 94, an instance of simplicity and moderation in so great and illustrious a princess, which I fear I should in vain recommend to my cotemporaries, and which is only likely to be imitated, as all her other virtues are, by the true representative of her fortune and excellence.

I COME now, sir, to those proper checks upon licentiousness, which, though calculated to serve the views of a popish clergy, were undoubtedly great restraints upon immorality and indecency; and we may lament that such sober institutions were abolished with the real abuses of popery. Our ecclesiastic superiors  
had

had power to lay such fines and mulcts upon wantonness, as might raise a revenue to the church and poor, and at the same time leave the lordly transgressors at liberty to enjoy their darling foibles, if they would but pay for them. Adultery, fornication, drunkenness, and the other amusements of people of fashion, it would have been in vain to subject to corporal punishments. To ridicule those vices, and laugh them out of date by Tatlers, Spectators and Worlds, was not the talent of monks and confessors, who at best only knew how to wrap up very coarse terms in very bald Latin, and jingling verses. The clergy steered a third course, and assumed a province, which I could wish, Mr. Fitz-Adam, was a little connected with your censorial authority. If you had power to oblige your fair readers and offenders to do penance in clean linen, for almost wearing no linen at all, I believe it would be an excellent supplement to your paper of May the 24th, 1753. The wisest exercise that I meet recorded of this power of inflicting penance, is mentioned by the same grave author, from whom I copied the will above-mentioned: it happened in the year 1360, in the case of a very



exalted personage, and shews how little the highest birth could exempt from the severe inspection of those judges of manners. The lady Elizabeth, daughter of the marquiss of Juliers, and widow of John Plantaginet earl of Kent, uncle of the princess Joan above-mentioned, having on the death of the earl her husband retired to the monastery of Waverley, did (I suppose immediately) make a vow of chastity, and was solemnly veiled a nun there by William de Edendon, bishop of Winchester. Somehow or other it happened, that about eight years afterwards, sister Elizabeth of Waverley became enamoured of a goodly knight, called sir Eustace Dawbridgcourt, smitten (as tradition says she affirmed) by his extreme resemblance to her late lord; though as other credible writers affirm, he was considerably younger: and notwithstanding her vows of continence, which could not bind her conscience, and, in spite of her confinement, which was not strong enough to detain a lady of her great quality, she was clandestinely married to her paramour, in a certain chapel of the mansion-house of Robert de Brome, a canon of  
the

the collegiate church of Wyngham, without any licence from the archbishop of Canterbury, by one sir John Ireland, a priest, before the sunrising, upon Michaelmas day, in the 34th of Edward the third.

NOTWITHSTANDING the great scandal such an indecorum must have given, it is evident from the subservience of two priests to her desires, that her rank of princess of the blood set her above all apprehension of punishment for the breach of her monastic vows; yet it is evident from the sequel of the story, that her dignity could not exempt her from such proper censures and penalties, as might deter others from commission of the like offences; as might daily and frequently expose the lady herself to blushes for her miscarriage; and as might draw comfort to the poor, from taxing the inordinate gratification of the appetites of their superiors: a sort of comfort, which, to do them justice, the poor are apt to take as kindly, as the relief of their own wants.

My author says, vol. 2. page 95, that the lady dowager and her young husband being

personally convented before the archbishop of Canterbury for the said transgression, at his manor house of Haghfeld, upon the seventh ides of April, the archbishop for their penance enjoined them to find a priest to celebrate divine service daily for Them, the said sir Eustace and Elizabeth, and for Him, the archbishop; besides a large quantity of penitential psalms, pater-nosters and aves, which were to be daily repeated by the priests and the transgressors. His grace moreover ordered the lady Elizabeth (whom for some reasons best known to himself I suppose he regarded as the seducer) to go once a year on foot in pilgrimage to the tomb of that glorious martyr, St. Thomas of Canterbury; and once every week during her life to fast on bread and drink, and a mess of pottage, wearing no smock, especially in the absence of her husband; a penance that must appear whimsical to us, and not a little partial to sir Eustace, whom the archbishop seems in more respects than one to have considered rather as disobedient to the canons, than guilty of much voluptuousness by his wedlock. But the most remarkable

articles

articles of the penance were the two following. The archbishop appointed the said sir Eustace and the lady Elizabeth, that the next day after any repetition of their transgression had passed between them, they should competently relieve six poor people, and both of them that day to abstain from some dish of flesh or fish, whereof they did most desire to eat.

SUCH was the simplicity of our ancestors. Such were the wholesome severities to which the greatest dames and most licentious young lords were subject in those well-meaning times. But though I approve the morality of such corrections, and perhaps think that a degree of such power might be safely lodged in the hands of our great and good prelates; yet I am not so bigotted to antiquity as to approve either the articles of the penance, or to think that they could be reconciled to the difference of modern times and customs. Pater-nosters and aves might be supplied by prayers and litanies of a more protestant complexion. Instead of a pilgrimage on foot to Canterbury, if an inordinate matron were compelled to walk to Ranelagh, I believe the penance might



might be severe enough for the delicacy of modern constitutions. For the article of leaving off a shift, considering that the upper half is already laid aside, perhaps to oblige a lady-offender to wear a whole shift, might be thought a sufficient punishment ; for wise legislators will allow a latitude of interpretation to their laws, to be varied according to the fluctuating condition of times and seasons. What most offends me, and which is by no means proper for modern imitation, is the article that prescribes charity to the poor, and a restriction from eating of a favourite dish, after the performance of certain mysteries. If the right reverend father was determined to make the lady Elizabeth ashamed of her incontinence, in truth he lighted upon a very adequate expedient, though not a very wise one ; for as devotion and charity are observed to increase with increase of years, the bishop's injunction tended to nothing but to lessen the benefactions of the offenders as they grew older, by the conditions to which he limited their largesse.

ONE can scarce reflect without a smile on the

the troops of beggars waiting every morning at sir Eustace's gate, till he and his lady arose, to know whether their wants were to be relieved. One must not word, but one cannot help imagining, the style of a modern footman, when ordered at breakfast by his master and lady to go and send away the beggars, for they were to have nothing that morning. One might even suppose the good lady pouting a little, as she gave him the message. But were such a penance really enjoined now, what a fund of humour and wit would it open to people of fashion, invited to dine with two illustrious penitents under this circumstance! As *their* wit is never indelicate; as the subject is inexhaustible; and as the ideas on such an occasion must be a little corporeal, what *bon mots*, wrapped up indeed, but still intelligible enough, would attend the arrival of every new French dish, which sir Eustace or my lady would be concluded to like, and would decline to taste!—But I fear I have transgressed the bounds of a letter. You, Mr. Fitz-Adam, who sway the censorial rod with the greatest lenity, and who would blush

to

to put your fair penitents to the blush, might be safely trusted with the powers I recommend. Human weaknesses, and human follies, are very different: continue to attack the latter; continue to pity the former. An ancient lady might resist wearing pink; a matron who cannot resist the prowess of a fir Euface Dawbridgcourt, is not a topic for satire, but compassion; as you, who are the best natured writer of the age, will I am sure agree to think, with, fir,

*Your constant reader,*

*and humble servant,*

THOMAS HEARNE, junr.

NUMB.



NUMB. 161. THURSDAY, Jan. 29, 1756.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

**B**Y a very tender letter, in one of your papers, from an officer's wife, we have seen the distresses of a father and mother, and the misconduct of a daughter, whose meekness and gentleness of temper have drawn upon herself and family the utmost misery and distress. Give me leave to lay before you a character of another kind, the too great gentleness and weakness of a son.

IN the forty-second year of my age, I was left a widower with an only son of seven years old, who was so exact a likeness of his mother, both in person and disposition, that from that circumstance alone I could never prevail upon myself to marry again. The image of the excellent woman I had lost was perpetually before my eyes, and recalled to my memory the many endearing scenes of love and affection



that had past between us. I heard her voice, I saw her mein, and I beheld her smiles in my son. I resolved therefore to cultivate this tender plant with more than common care; and I determined to take such proper advantages of his puerile age and hopeful temper, as might engage him to me, not more from moral duty, than from real inclination and attachment. My point was to make him my friend; and I so far succeeded in that point, that till he was seventeen years old, he constantly chose my company preferable to any other.

I SHOULD have told you, that I placed him early at a very great school; and to avoid the mischiefs that sometimes arise from boarding at a distance from parents, I took a house near the school, and kept him under my own eye, inviting constantly such of his school-fellows to amuse him, as were pointed out to me by the master, or were chosen by my own discernment, in consequence of my son's recommendation. All things went on in the most promising train; but still I saw in him a certain easiness of temper, and an excess of what is falsely called *good-nature*, but is real  
 2 *weakness*,

*weakness*, which I feared must prove of dreadful consequence to him, whenever he should tread the stage of the great world. However, it now grew time to advance him to the university: and he went thither, I can with truth say it, as free from vice, and as full of virtue, as the fondest parent could desire. What added farther to my hopes, was his strength of body, and the natural abhorrence which he had to wine, even almost to a degree of loathing.

WHEN he was settled at college, I insisted upon his writing to me once a week; and I constantly answered his letters in the style and manner which I thought most conducive to the improvement of his knowledge, and the extention and freedom of his thoughts. During some time, our mutual correspondence was kept up with great punctuality and cheerfulness; but in less than two months it drooped and grew languid on his side; and the letters I received from him contained seldom more than three lines, telling me, “ that he  
 “ was much engaged in his studies, and that  
 “ the departing post-boy hindered him from  
 “ adding

“ adding more than that he was my dutiful  
“ son.”

NOT to trouble you with too many particulars, in six months after he had been at the university I made him a visit ; but I cannot find words to express the astonishment I felt, in discovering my gentle, easy, sweet-natured son, not only turned into a BUCK, but a POLITICIAN. Never was any young man less fitted for either of those characters : never any young man entered deeper into both. He was a BUCK without spirit or ill-nature, and a POLITICIAN without the least knowledge of our laws, history, or constitution. His only pretence to BUCKISM was his affected love of wine ; his only skill in POLITICS was the art of jumbling a parcel of words together, and applying them, as he imagined, very properly to the times. By this means he became distinguished among his associates as the jolliest, honestest toast-master in the university. But, alas ! this was a part assumed by my son, from a desire of pleasing, mixed with a dread of offending the persons into whose clubs and bumper-ceremonies he had unhappily enlisted himself. Poor miserable youth ! he was acting  
in

in opposition to his own nature, of which had he followed the dictates, he would neither have meddled with party, politics, nor wine; but would have fulfilled, or at least have aimed at, that beautiful character of Pamphilus in Terence, so well delineated in the Bevil of sir Richard Steele's *Conscious Lovers*.

To preserve his health, I withdrew him from the university as expeditiously and with as little noise as I could, and brought him home, perfectly restored, as I vainly imagined, to himself. But I was mistaken. The last person who was with him, always commanded him. The companions of his midnight hours obliterated his duty to his father, and, notwithstanding his good sense, made him, like the beast in the fable, fancy himself a lion, because he had put on the lion's skin. With the same disposition, had he been a woman, he must have been a prostitute; not so much from evil desires, as from the impossibility of denying a request. He worshiped vice, as the Indians do the devil, not from inclination, but timidity. He bought intemperance at the price of his life;  
his



his health paid the interest money, during many months of a miserable decay; at length his death, little more than two years ago, discharged the debt entirely, and left me with the sad consolation of having performed my duty to him, from the time I lost his mother, till the time he expired in my arms.

I HAVE borne my loss like a man; but I have often lamented the untowardness of my fate, which snatched from me an only child, whose disposition was most amiable, but whose virtues had not sufficient strength to support themselves. He was too modest to be resolute; too sincere to be wary; too gentle to oppose; and too humble to keep up his dignity. This perhaps was the singular part of his character; but he had other faults in common with his cotemporaries: he mistook prejudices for principles; he thought the retraction of an error a deviation from honour; his aversions arose rather from names than persons; he called obstinacy steadiness; and he imagined that no friendship ought ever to be broken, which had been begun, like the orgies of Bacchus, amidst the frantic revels of wine.

THUS,

THUS, sir, I have set before you, I hope without any acrimony, the source and progress of my irreparable misfortune. It will be your part to warn the rising generation, in what manner to avoid the terrible rocks of mistaken honour, and too pliant good-nature.

IN the last century, the false notions of honour destroyed our youth by fashionable duels; and they were induced to murder each other by visionary crowns of applause. The false notions of honour, in the present age, destroy our youth by the force of bumpers, and the mad consequences arising from every kind of liquor that can intoxicate and overturn sense, reason, and reflection. Why are not healths to be eaten as well as drank? Why may not the spells and magic arising from mouthfuls of beef and mutton, be as efficacious towards the accomplishment of our wishes, as gallons of port, or overflowing bowls of punch? Certainly they might. I hope therefore that by your public admonition, the young men of our days, who eat much less than they drink, may drink much less than they eat: and I must farther add, that as it may be dangerous to abolish customs

so long established, I humbly advise that you permit them to eat as many *healths* as they please.

I am,

SIR,

*Your constant reader,*

*and most humble servant,*

L. M.



NUMB. 162. THURSDAY, *Feb. 5,* 1756.

**I**T has been my weekly endeavour, for some years, to entertain and instruct the public to the best of my abilities. That I am thought entertaining is beyond dispute; for as no one peruses a periodical paper for conscience sake, or by way of penance, it is evident, that since I am read, I please.

How far I may have attained the other purpose of my papers, that of instructing, is another question, and which cannot easily be resolved. The pen of a writer, like the hand of time, works imperceptibly: and perhaps the

the reformation which may be occasioned by these my labours, will not be completed in less than a century. Thus much however I may venture to affirm, that I have done no harm. All my cotemporaries may not, perhaps, be able to say as much for their writings. People of fashion have not more abounded in thoughtlessness and prodigality since the publication of the WORLD. Legal debts are no worse paid at present than they were formerly; nor have the weekly bills of adultery considerably increased. Though I may not have been able to hew off the *marble*, and bring out the *man*, I have not spoilt the *block*; and some happier artist may yet exercise his chizel upon it.

It has always been my particular endeavour to avoid blame; for to please every body is a vain attempt: and yet to meet with censure where applause was due, is affecting to a generous spirit: such has been my lot. Many of my readers will hardly believe me when I tell them, that I have been censured for not writing in a serious manner. The accusation is indeed severe; for it implies that I have mistaken the genius of the age. Seriousness is not, I think, the present disposition of Britons,



tons, however they may have been celebrated for that quality in former times. Why then should I be serious, who write for the youthful, the well-dressed, and for *every body one knows*? The very word *seriousness* is expelled from polite life; it is never mentioned at all, but in *some account of the author*, or in funeral panegyrics; and even then, it is only applied to writers of good books, or to ancient maiden gentlewomen. What then has poor Adam Fitz-Adam done, that he should be obliged to turn parson, and write *seriously*?

BUT there are certain seasons and occasions, that call upon me for real seriousness; occasions where humour and ridicule would be ill applied; and justly censurable. Such is the present; when on the morrow of this day a general humiliation is appointed, to deprecate the Divine displeasure, and to implore deliverance from those dreadful devastations, which have so lately alarmed or destroyed a neighbouring people, and laid their metropolis in ruins. For an occasion so solemn, I have reserved a letter which I received some time since from a very valuable correspondent, and which I shall here lay before my readers, as the properest

perest preparation that I am able to present them with.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I SHALL make no apology for addressing the public, by the channel of your paper, on an occurrence that has so lately and justly alarmed us ; I mean the desolation of Lisbon, and the adjacent country. The terror we express, on the bare hearing of that distant calamity, strongly implies the relation we bear as men to the unhappy sufferers ; and the pity and support we give them, shew how readily we suppose the case might have been our own. Nor are we indeed wholly exempted from a share in the event : we are not destroyed, but we are admonished. In this sense the shock was general ; and though the blow was partial, the warning is universal.

AMONG the many hints of improvements suggested by so awful a devastation, the necessity of a general reformation seems a very obvious one. A small acquaintance with mankind will shew us how vice and immora-

lity prevail, under the specious names of custom and politeness; while virtue, if not ridiculed, is too often and generally neglected. Irreligion and prophaneness furnish constant matter of reproof for the pulpit; and the enormities that attend them, employment for the hand of justice. If then the Divine displeasure is to be dreaded for the impieties of a nation, how small is our security!

WE join in our concern for a people or city, ruined by so sudden and fatal a stroke as an earthquake, and image to ourselves the horrors of the scene; but how faintly! for who can fully describe a distress, which guilt only can aggravate, and the testimony of a good conscience only alleviate?

THE instability of every earthly good, is a truth so well known both from precept and experience, that it may be thought unnecessary to consider it here, as another lesson contained in so melancholy a providence: but to me there appears something more striking in the ruins of an earthquake, than the usual vicissitudes of life subject us to. In the ordinary changes of life, the loss of wealth, honour and friends is often gradual and expected; and

our

our resignation in proportion less painful : we are (if I may be allowed the expression) weaned from enjoyments we know so precarious ; but to be robbed at once of all we have, and all we love, and, perhaps, survive, the sad spectators of our own ruin, is to be attacked when we are least on our guard, and to feel the evils of a whole life, in a moment. If we look round us, we shall see what unwearied application and prudent circumspection are necessary to obviate the misfortunes we daily encounter ; but what application can befriend, what circumspection warn, when rocks fail us, and seas overwhelm us ?

ANOTHER lesson we may learn from this calamity, is humility. What weak pretensions to preeminence are riches, honour and applause, when a moment can efface them ? Death, in his usual progress, shews us their insufficiency ; but by slower approaches. The trophy out-lives the hero, and the monument the patriot ; wealth and titles descend to future generations ; and though the prince and the peasant meet the same fate, the eulogy of the one survives, and distinguishes him from the other. But here, all characters are blended,



distinctions lost, the rich levelled, and the ambitious humbled. Such a general confusion may well alarm us, and make us look with indifference on the objects of our present envy : for what is treasure, but a security against want ? and what is important, that is not permanent ?

BUT not to dwell any longer on particulars, which every one's own reflections will naturally enlarge on, we have here a faint picture of that awful day, " when the elements shall  
" melt with fervent heat, and the Heavens  
" shall pass away with a great noise." The reader will, I doubt not, be pleased with a description of this scene, as given us by a celebrated genius of the present age.

————— *At the destin'd hour,*  
*By the loud trumpet summon'd to the charge,*  
*See all the formidable sons of fire,*  
*Eruptions, earthquakes, comets, lightnings play*  
*Their various engines ; all at once disgorge*  
*Their blazing magazines ; and take by storm*  
*This poor terrestrial citadel of man.*  
 AMAZING PERIOD ! *when each mountain height*  
*Out-burns VESUVIUS ! rocks eternal pour*  
*Their*

*Their melted mass, as rivers once they pour'd;  
Stars rush, and final RUIN fiercely drives  
Her plow-share o'er creation! ———*

THE recital of such sudden and universal desolation fills us with terror, and we shudder at the prospect of a catastrophe, in which each of us shall be so immediately concerned. But our interest in it will appear in a stronger light, if we consider this change of all things, as the prelude of an unchangeable and eternal state of happiness or misery. Our best efforts here are mixed with many imperfections, and our best enjoyments liable to frequent disappointments; but when life's drama is completed, the applause or censure of an unerring judge shall determine how far we have acted the different characters allotted us with propriety: the dissolution of earthly felicity shall be succeeded by the more substantial joys of Heaven; and even those joys shall be heightened by their duration.

C. B.



NUMB. 163. THURSDAY, *Feb.* 12, 1756.

**T**HERE was an ancient sect of philosophers, the disciples of Pythagoras, who held, that the souls of men, and all other animals existed in a state of perpetual transmigration; and that when by death they were dislodged from one corporeal habitation, they were immediately reinstated in another, happier or more miserable, according to their behaviour in the former: so that when any person made his exit from the stage of this world, he was supposed only to retire behind the scenes to be new dressed, and to have a new part assigned him, more or less agreeable, in proportion to the merit of his performance in the last.

THIS doctrine of transmigration, I must own, was always a very favourite tenet of mine, and always appeared to me one of the most rational guesses of the human mind into a future state. I shall here therefore endeavour

your

vour to shew the great probability of its truth from the following considerations. First from its justice, secondly from its utility, and lastly from the difficulties we lie under to account for the sufferings of many innocent creatures without it.

FIRST then, the justice of this system exceeds that of all others; because, by it, the great law of retaliation may be more strictly adhered to: for by means of this metamorphosis, men may suffer in one life the very same injuries which they have inflicted in another; and that too in the very same persons, by a change only of situation. Thus, for instance, the cruel tyrant who in one life has sported with the miseries of his slaves, may in the next feel all the miseries of slavery under a master as unmerciful as himself. The relentless and unjust judge may be imprisoned, condemned, and hanged in his turn. Divines may be compelled by fire and faggot to believe the creeds and articles they have composed for the edification of others; and soldiers may be plundered and ravished, in the persons of defenceless peasants, and innocent virgins. The lawyer, reviving in the character of a client,





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may be tormented with delay, expence, uncertainty, and disappointment; and the physician, who in one life has taken exorbitant fees, may be obliged to take physic in another. All those who under the honourable denomination of sportsmen, have entertained themselves with the miseries and destruction of innocent animals, may be terrified and murdered in the shapes of hares, partridges and woodcocks; and all those who under the more illustrious title of heroes, have delighted in the devastation of their own species, may be massacred by each other in the forms of invincible game cocks, and pertinacious bulldogs. As for statesmen, ministers, and all great men devoted to great business, they, however guilty, cannot be more properly, nor more severely punished, than by being obliged to reassume their former characters, and to live the very same lives over again.

IN the next place, the utility of this system is equal to its justice, and happily coincides with it: for by means of this transmigration, all the necessary inconveniences, and all the burthensome offices of life being imposed on those only, who by their misbehaviour in a  
former

former state have deserved them, become at once just punishments to Them, and at the same time benefits to society; and so all those who have injured the public in one life by their vices, are obliged in another to make reparation by their sufferings. Thus the tyrant, who by his power has oppressed his country in the situation of a prince, in that of a slave may be compelled to do it some service by his labour. The highwayman who has stopped and plundered travellers, may expedite and assist them in the shape of a post-horse. The metaphorical Buck, who has terrified sober citizens by his exploits, converted into a real one, may make them some compensation by his haunches; and mighty conquerors who have laid waste the world by their swords, may be obliged, by a small alteration in sex and situation, to contribute to its repeopling, by the qualms of breeding, and the pains of childbirth.

FOR my own part, I verily believe this to be the case. I make no doubt but that Louis the fourteenth is now chained to an oar in the galleys of France, and that Hernando Cortez is digging gold in the mines of Peru or Mexico.



That Turpin the highwayman, is several times a day spurred backwards and forwards between London and Epping; and that lord \*\*\* and sir Harry \*\*\*\* are now actually roasting for a city feast. I question not but that Alexander the great, and Julius Cæsar have died many times in child-bed since their appearance in those illustrious and depopulating characters; that Charles the twelfth is at this instant a curate's wife in some remote village, with a numerous and increasing family; and that Kouli Khan is now whipped from parish to parish, in the person of a big-bellied beggar-woman, with two children in her arms, and three at her back.

LASTLY the probability of this system appears from the difficulty of accounting for the sufferings of many innocent creatures without it: for if we look round us, we cannot but observe a great and wretched variety of this kind; numberless animals subjected, by their own natures, to many miseries, and by our cruelties to many more; incapable of crimes, and consequently incapable of deserving them; called into being, as far as we can discover, only to be miserable for the service or diversion  
of

of others less meritorious than themselves; without any possibility of preventing, deserving, or receiving recompence for their unhappy lot, if their whole existence is comprehended in the narrow and wretched circle of their present life. But the theory here inculcated, removes all these difficulties, and reconciles these seemingly unjust dispensations with the strictest justice: it informs us, that these their sufferings may be by no means undeserved, but the just punishments of their former misbehaviour in a state, where, by means of their very vices, they may have escaped them. It teaches us that the pursued and persecuted fox was once probably some crafty and rapacious minister, who had purchased by his ill-acquired wealth that safety, which he cannot now procure by his flight: that the bull, baited with all the cruelties that human ingenuity, or human malevolence can invent, was once some relentless tyrant, who had inflicted all the tortures which he now endures: that the poor bird, blinded, imprisoned, and at last starved to death in a cage, may have been some unforgiving creditor; and the widowed turtle, pining away life for the loss of her  
mate,

mate, some fashionable wife, rejoicing at the death of her husband, which her own ill-usage had occasioned.

NEVER can the delicious repast of roasted lobsters excite my appetite, whilst the ideas of the tortures in which those innocent creatures have expired, present themselves to my imagination. But when I consider that they must have once probably been Spaniards at Mexico, or Dutchmen at Amboyna, I fall to, both with a good stomach and a good conscience, and please myself with the thoughts, that I am thus offering up a sacrifice acceptable to the manes of many millions of massacred Indians. Never can I repose myself with satisfaction in a post-chaise, whilst I look upon the starved, foundered, ulcerated, and excoriated animals, who draw it, as mere horses, condemned to such exquisite and unmerited torments for my convenience; but when I reflect, that they once must undoubtedly have existed in the characters of turnkeys of Newgate, or fathers of the holy inquisition, I gallop on with as much ease as expedition; and am perfectly satisfied, that in pursuing my journey, I am but the executioner of the strictest justice.

I VERY

I VERY well know that these sentiments will be treated as ludicrous by many of my readers, and looked upon only as the productions of an exuberant imagination; but I know likewise, that this is owing to ill-grounded pride, and false notions of the dignity of human nature: for they are in themselves just and serious, and carry with them the strongest probability of their truth: so strong is it, that I cannot but hope it will have some good effect on the conduct of those polite people, who are too sagacious, learned and courageous to be kept in awe by the threats of hell and damnation: and I exhort every fine lady to consider how wretched will be her condition, if after twenty or thirty years spent at cards, in elegant rooms, kept warm by good fires and soft carpets, she should at last be obliged to change places with one of her coach-horses; and every fine gentleman to reflect how much more wretched would be his, if after wasting his estate, his health and his life in extravagance, indolence, and luxury, he should again revive in the situation of one of his creditors.



NUMB. 164. THURSDAY, *Feb.* 19, 1756.

**I** HAVE set apart this day's paper for the miscellaneous productions of various correspondents.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I AM a citizen of no mean city ; however, in respect to the metropolis, we are deemed the country, and must therefore be prescribed to by London, from whence, as I am told, we receive all our fashions. But surely, Mr. Fitz-Adam, some things that I have seen of late are too absurd to come from thence for our imitation, and can only have been unhappy *necessities* in some person of vogue, which others have mistaken for choice and fashion.

A FEW days ago, I saw a young lady in our neighbourhood, who after some considerable absence from home, returned with her hair all off, except as much as might grow in  
a fort-

a fortnight after close shaving; and that too standing thin and staring. I asked my wife when I came home, if she knew where Miss GIDDYCROWN had been; for that I was sadly afraid she had been confined in some mad-house; for her head had been shaved and blistered, her hair was but just coming to grow again, and she had, I observed, a particular shy and wild look. As this was the first instance of the kind ever seen here, my wife knew no more than myself what to make of it: she hoped indeed that it might possibly not be so bad; that it might be only some external disorder of her head; or, had Miss been married, she should have thought that her hair might possibly have fallen off in a lying in.

BUT alas, Sir! this disorder of the head has proved contagious; and being given out as the fashion, is prodigiously spread. Now if this be only a hum (as I suppose it is) upon our country apes, it being blown in the WORLD will put an end to it: but if it be a real fashion, pray be so good as to set the WORLD against it. I am sure I should be rejoiced

joiced to find any remedy in the WORLD for this falling of the hair ; for indeed it is a very unseemly and frightful disorder.

I am, SIR,

*Yours, T. L.*

Mr. FITZ-ADAM,

I AM infested by a swarm of country cousins, that are come up to town for the winter, as they call it, a whole family of them. They ferret me out from every place I go to, and it is impossible to stand the ridicule of being seen in their company.

AT their first coming to town, I was in a manner obliged to gallant them to the play ; where having seated the mother with much ado, I offered my hand to the eldest of my five young cousins ; but as she was not dextrous enough to manage a great hoop with one hand only, she refused my offer, and at the first step fell all along. It was with great difficulty I got her up again ; but imagine, sir, my situation : I sat like a mope all the night, not daring to look up, for fear of catching the eyes of my acquaintance, who would have laughed me out of countenance.

YOU

You may imagine, Mr. Fitz-Adam, that I contrived all manner of means to get off from any future engagements with my cousins; but it has unfortunately so happened, that we have met every where. No longer ago than last night I was going into a rout, and moving towards the lady of the house, to pay my devoirs to her, what should I hear, but one of the hoydens, who had not seen me for two or three days, bawling out, "O law! there's my cousin!" I advised the mother to take the young lady immediately back into the country; for that I feared the same violence of joy which discovered itself in her voice and looks at only seeing me as a relation, might carry her greater lengths, where the affection was stronger.

My acquaintance see how I am mortified at all public places, and it is a standing jest with them, wherever they meet me, to put on the appearance of the profoundest respect, and to ask, "Pray sir, how do your cousins do?"

THIS leads me, Mr. Fitz-Adam, to propose something for the relief of all those, whose country cousins, like mine, expect they should introduce



introduce them into the world; by which means we shall avoid appearing in a very ridiculous light: for whoever sees the dancing bears, must include the man who shews them in the subject for laughter. I would therefore set up a person, who should be known by the name of TOWN-USHER. His business should be to attend closely all young ladies who never were in town before, to teach them to walk into the play-house without falling over the benches, to shew them the tombs, and the lions, and the wax-work, and the giant, and instruct them how to wonder, and shut their mouths at the same time: for I really meet with so many gapers every day in the streets, that I am continually yawning all the way I walk.

I SHALL only detain you to make one reflection upon these journies to London. It appears very odd to me, that people should chuse to leave their home for two or three months, to make themselves unhappy in it the rest of their lives. My good cousin, the mother, thinks she has acted right in shewing her children the world: and fully convinced that they have a thorough knowledge of it, carries them  
back

back into the country, where they despise those with whom they formerly lived in intimacy and friendship, because they have not seen London. Miss walks with less pleasure about the fields since her fall in the play-house, and her sisters are pouting all day long, because the country can afford them no such sights as they saw in town.

I am,

SIR,

*Your great admirer,*

A. W.

SIR,

I HAVE the honour to be a member of a certain club in this city, where it is a standing order, "That the paper called the "WORLD be constantly brought upon the "table, with clean glasses, pipes and tobacco, "every Thursday after dinner." In consequence of this order, a letter, or rather a petition, from one of your correspondents, was lately read, praying that you would establish it

it as a law, that healths should be *eaten*, as well as *drank*. There appeared something so new and national in *eating the prosperity of our king and country*, that the whole club, with a vivacity unknown in that place before, rose up to applaud it: and after many wise and learned debates upon the subject, agreed to the following orders and resolutions.

ORDERED,

THAT in this club, the word TOAST in drinking be changed to MOUTHFUL in eating, and that every member, after naming the MOUTHFUL he proposes, do fill his mouth as full as possible, in honour of the person or cause so named;

ORDERED,

THAT the chairman be always MOUTHFUL-MASTER.

ORDERED,

THAT the MOUTHFUL-MASTER do demand the MOUTHFULS regularly from the members over the right thumb, and do cause them to be eaten regularly over his left.

RESOLVED,

THAT all the members of the club be obliged upon every club day to eat a large slice of  
roast

roast beef, as a bumper health to old England.

RESOLVED,

THAT the city of London and the trade thereof be eaten in turtle.

RESOLVED,

ALWAYS to eat prosperity to Ireland in boiled beef, and to North Britain in Scotch collops.

RESOLVED,

To eat the administration in British herrings.

RESOLVED

To eat success to our fleet in pork and pease.

RESOLVED,

As the greatest instance that this club can possibly shew of their respect and devotion, that the healths of lady \*\*\*, and the duchess of \*\*\*, be eaten by every member in mouthfuls of minced chicken.

RESOLVED,

THAT Mr. Fitz-Adam, or any of his friends be permitted to eat the members of this club as often as they please, provided that they do not knowingly and wittingly suffer any  
French-



Frenchman whatsoever to eat the said members dead or alive.

THUS, Sir, you see that you are continually in our thoughts; and therefore as a member of a society so warmly attached to you, you will believe me when I assure you, that I am

*Your most faithful*

*humble servant,*

E. P.



NUMB. 165, THURSDAY, Feb. 26, 1756.

**T**HERE are few things by which a man discovers the weakness of his judgment more, than by retailing scraps of commonplace sentiments on that trite and thread-bare topic, the degeneracy of the times. We are told very seriously in almost every company, that the courage we received from our ancestors is evaporated; that our trade is ruined; that religion is but a badge to distinguish parties;

ties; and that the muses, kicked out of doors, have carried off with them truth, honour, justice, and all the moral virtues.

BUT to our comfort, this reflection is not confined to the present age; it extends itself equally to all. A touch on the times is a piece of satire, that almost runs parallel with the foundation of every state. How many authors do we hear bewailing the degeneracy of their cotemporaries, and prognosticating the farther corruption of their posterity! Our very stature is diminished. Even in Homer's time, men were strangely decreased in their size since the Trojan war. Virgil says, that Turnus threw a stone at Æneas, which a dozen Romans could not have lifted: so that had men decreased since the days of Virgil, in the same proportion, we should long before now have dwindled into a race of atoms.

LIVY, who flourished in the golden age of Augustus, tells us, that above three hundred years before, a spirit of equity and moderation animated the whole body of the people, which was not to be found then in one individual. Cicero is for ever declaiming against the degeneracy of his own times; and Juvenal says,  
that

that in his, vice was arrived to such a height, that posterity, however willing, would not be able to add any thing to it. Yet consult the authors who have written since, and you will imagine that every former age was an age of virtue.

FROM all these passages, and many others, it is evident that this complaint is by no means applicable to our times only. And really it is a great breach of good manners, that modern fine gentlemen cannot put a little *rouge* on their faces, but the saucy quill of some impertinent author immediately rubs it off: but neither is it their own invention, nor imported from France; for Juvenal informs us, that the Roman beaux did the same.

THERE is but one reason that I know of, why a man may declaim with impunity against the degeneracy of the times; it is, because the reflection is only general, and that he is as much the object of his own satire, as any other man. But let a foreigner, in a company of Englishmen, presume to say, that they have degenerated from their forefathers, and not a Briton amongst them but will resent the indignity. Or let the reflection become  
more

more particular still, and one man lay any act of degeneracy to the charge of another, and the consequence is too obvious.

To lament the loss of religion, and abuse its professors; to censure the constitution of a state, and its constituents, are quite different things. And though a man may prefer the the army, with which Henry the fifth beat the French at Agincourt, to our present soldiery, yet examine them one by one, and there is scarce a serjeant in the service that does not think himself equal to the most valiant commander, from Alexander the great, king of Macedonia, down to brave old Hendrick, Sachem of the mohawk Indians. So that if considered separately, we are more wise, more valiant, and more religious than our ancestors; if collectively, we are a set of fools, cowards and infidels.

AN ingenious correspondent of mine has carried his compliments on the present times farther than I have done. I shall conclude this paper with his letter and verses.

SIR,

A CONQUEST over the affections and passions has been the highest boast of the philoso-

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phers



phers of every age; and in proportion as they have attained this victory, future writers have celebrated their characters, as the most exalted patterns of wisdom and prudence. But though a veneration for the rust of antiquity, or a fondness for every thing which happened before the memory of our grandfathers, may lead some to celebrate former ages, yet we may boast it among the felicities of the times in which we live, that the most important concerns of life are entered into, only under the directions of reason and philosophy. To instance only in one particular; marriage is the effect of mere prudence and forecast, without any mixture of that ridiculous passion, which has now no being but in play-books and romances.

IN former ages, love was supposed to keep the door of Hymen's temple; but now, as the knowledge of the world may have been somewhat expensive in acquiring, and as our modern philosophers have spent that fortune on their youth, which it had been ridiculous to have reserved for the debility of old age, just before the last spark of vigour is extinguished, some rich heiress is won, who conduces  
both

both to the perpetuating a name, and to the providing a fortune for that posterity, which is to continue the family honours. Happy expedient! by which the weight of numerous younger children, the almost constant burthen of former times, is most judiciously avoided.

THAT I may present your readers with a striking contrast between the follies of our ancestors, and the solid prudence of the present generation, I shall here subjoin a couple of short odes, which are written in the characters of an old Englishman, and a modern one, on the day before their marriage.

### The OLD ENGLISHMAN.

#### I.

*I'll tell you why I love my love;  
Because her thousand graces prove  
Her worth is very high:  
She's very fair, and very good,  
And not unwilling to be woo'd  
By one so plain as I.*

#### II.

*Wherever muse has fir'd the strains,  
On British or on Tuscan plain,*

L 2

*Delighted*

*Delighted has she rov'd ;  
Has glow'd with all the gen'rous rage,  
That animates the story'd page,  
By British bosoms lov'd.*

## III.

*Oft has she sought, with careful feet,  
The hallow'd hermit's calm retreat,  
And trac'd with thought profound  
Each precept of the wise and good ;  
There ev'ry wish has she subdu'd  
To wisdom's narrow bound.*

## IV.

*Has learn'd the flatt'ring paths to shun,  
Where folly's fickle vot'ries run,  
Deceiv'd by fortune's glare ;  
Has learn'd that food, and clothes, and fire,  
Are only nature's plain desire,  
Nor forms for more her pray'r.*

## V.

*Content with these, my GERALDINE  
Has promis'd to be ever mine,  
For well she knows my heart ;  
She knows it honest and sincere,  
And much too open to appear,  
Beneath the veil of art.*

## VI.

VI.

*She knows it pants for her alone,  
That not the splendor of a throne  
From her my steps could lure:  
To-morrow gives to these fond arms  
My GERALDINE in all her charms,  
And makes my bliss secure.*

THE MODERN ENGLISHMAN.

I.

*No, no, by all the pow'rs above,  
My heart's as little touch'd by love  
As ever in my life.  
Full well, dear HAL, to thee is known  
Whom fortune to my lot has thrown,  
To be my wedded wife.*

II.

*But why I wed should any ask,  
To answer is an easy task;  
Want, want! my honest HARRY:  
What can a man, whose fortune's spent,  
Who has mortgag'd to his utmost rent,  
But drown, or shoot, or marry?*

III.

*Of these the best is sure the bride;  
For when once plung'd beneath the tide,*



*Adieu to all our figure.*

*Full sudden is the pistol's fate,  
When once 'tis touch'd, alas! too late  
We wish undrawn the trigger.*

## IV.

*'Tis thus resolved then; honest boy,  
To-morrow thou may'st wish me joy,*

*Foy will I buy by wiving :  
Soon to her mansion, far from town,  
Six rapid Bays shall whirl us down,  
As if the dev'l were driving.*

## V.

*There shall the brisk-capacious bowl  
Drown ev'ry care that haunts the soul,  
And rouse me to new life :*

*And, HAL, for all that she can say,  
Some blooming village queen of May  
Shall---wait upon my wife.*

## VI.

*When all the tedious farce is o'er,  
And spouse has crown'd me with her dow'r,  
Should sudden ruin meet her,  
Ev'n though her coachman broke her neck,  
Unmov'd I'd stand amidst the wreck,  
Nor swear at heedless PETER.*



NUMB. 166. THURSDAY, March 4, 1756.

*Falsus honor juvat, & mendax infamia terret,  
Quem, nisi mendacem, & mendosum?*

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

**A**MONG all the prostitutions of language, so justly observed by many celebrated writers, I know of none more to be lamented, than those which rob virtue of her true title, and usurp her name and character.

It may be observed, that in all countries and states, the farther they have gone from their original purity and simplicity, the greater have their advances been in this respect. The Romans, whose poverty only kept them within the bounds of virtue, when they had quitted their humble station for scenes of ambition and glory, not only changed their manners, but lost the sense of those words, which were in high estimation with their ancestors. The words *frugal*, *temperate*, and *modest*, were no

longer held in any degree of reverence, when riches and a licentious enjoyment of them, were the only things in vogue.

WE have gone beyond them in this respect, and quite reversed the meaning of words. *Knave* and *villain*, formerly the denominations of laudable industry, are now the marks of the greatest reproach. Our manners have adulterated our words; and for fear they should reproach us with our conduct, we disfranchise and condemn them to infamy, that their testimony may be invalid, and their evidence of no credit.

THERE are many instances in modern times, where a false and blind zeal has heightened the signification of words of very little meaning, to an unaccountable degree of veneration; as on the contrary, a loose and libertine way of thinking has debased and sullied those of the highest dignity.

I AM not a little pleased with a saying of king Theodorick, who being advised by his courtiers to debase the coin, declared, "That  
 " nothing which bore his image, should ever  
 " lie." Are we not all accessory to the propagation of falsehood, when we suffer any  
 thing

thing that carries the image and representation of our minds, to be guilty of an untruth, and when we enter into a combination to support words in a signification, foreign to their meaning, and quite different from the ideas, those sounds ought to form in our minds?

CUSTOM is the tyrant of language; it can alter, adjust and new model, but it cannot annihilate. It can settle new phrases, introduce a whole colony of fashionable nonsense from foreign parts, and render old words obsolete; but it cannot erase idea from language. It can do more than an absolute prince; because it can create new words; a privilege which was not allowed to the Roman emperor Tiberius, who having coined a word in the senate, his flatterers desired it might be adopted into their language, as a compliment to the emperor; but an old senator, not quite degenerated from the honest sincerity of his ancestors, made this memorable reply, "You may give, sir, the freedom of the city to *men*, but not to *words*."

THERE is no word of greater import and dignity than HONOUR. It is virtue, adorned with every decoration, that can make it ami-



able and useful in society. It is the true foundation of mutual faith and credit, and the real intercourse, by which the business of life is transacted with safety and pleasure. It is of universal extent, and can be confined to no particular station of life, because it is every man's security, and every man's interest. But to its great misfortune, its own virtues have undone it. Its excellent character has of late years recommended it so much to the patronage of the Great, that they have entirely appropriated it to their own use, and communicated to it a part of their own privileges, that of being accessible only to a few. It now no longer retains its former good qualities; its real dignity is lost, and it is become rather the ornament, than the foundation of a character: it is a kind of polish, that implies a finished character, and too often conceals a very imperfect one.

THUS has HONOUR got an imaginary title, instead of a real one. It has lost by its acquisitions; and by being the particular idol of a few, is no longer of use to the many. Its new acquired trophies, are the spoils of its former greatness; and the remembrance of  
what

what it was, serves only to heighten the melancholy idea of what it now is. It formerly constantly attended merit, as a friend and guardian: it now accompanies greatness, as a flatterer and parasite.

It is a compliment to the taste of the present age, to alledge that HONOUR is its darling attribute. It is in itself a composition of every thing that is valuable and worthy of commendation; and even in its present degenerate state, it is, in a degree, the picture of VIRTUE: it is finely drawn, but the lines are not just, and the colours too glaring. The endeavours of the artists to set it off to advantage, have made it more like a piece of gaudy pageantry, than a true copy of nature.

To justify the truth of what I assert, I appeal to you, Mr. Fitz-Adam, and beg leave to ask you, what are your ideas of a man, when you hear him particularly recommended as a man of HONOUR? Are your notions at all enlarged, in respect to his moral character? Would you give him the preference in your vote, as a representative in parliament? Or should you conceive him to have a more than ordinary zeal for the true religion of his country?

try? Would you trust him the sooner, were you a tradesman? Or could you with more safety admit him into your family, to an intimacy with your wife and daughters? You would undoubtedly rather game with him, because he will not cheat; and you would be sure to receive your money, if you gained any advantage, however his more just creditors might suffer. You would certainly shew him more respect, because you dare not affront him; HONOUR being a thing of so very delicate a nature, that the least indignity endangers its destruction: having lost its true essence, it can only be supported by the courage and zeal of those, who will not suffer its title to be disputed.

WHAT is become of poor HONESTY? Is she confined to the habitations of Mark and Mincing lane? Dare she not appear in the polite world? I make no doubt she is as frequent in her visits there, as in any other place; but for want of a proper dress, she is obliged to be incog. She is not a little afraid of the pert raillery of HONOUR, whom she would be sure to meet in her travels to those parts of the town; and as the latter is a burlesque on her character, she chuses always to avoid her.

HER

HER name seems to be quite banished to the unbred world, and is so much out of vogue at present, that an HONEST MAN as certainly means a tradesman, as a MAN of HONOUR does a gentleman.

THE word is fairly worn out: it has been so long in mercantile hands, that it is no longer fit for gentlemen. They have laid it aside by universal consent, and bestowed it, with their old clothes, on their servants and dependants.

THE ladies, who form the most considerable part of the fashionable world, have a peculiar sort of HONOUR of their own. They entrench not upon that, already appropriated to the other sex, but take it where the men leave it. Conscious of their own frailties and infirmities, they are not ashamed to invoke its aid and assistance, to guard them in a part, where they are most liable to surprize. No other branch of their conduct comes within the jurisdiction of HONOUR; for HONOUR, at present, is no more than what the world expects from you; they are at free liberty in every other article; and, like our original parents, have but one thing prohibited.

THE different value and credit of particular virtues,



virtues, at several periods of time, would form a very entertaining and useful history; and by looking back into former times, and observing the different faces and changes that virtue has appeared in, we might reduce it to a degree of calculation, and form a tolerable conjecture when any particular species of it would again come into fashion. The present rage for liberty will not easily admit of many articles of belief; they are a degree of servitude of the mind, which we disdain: but as it is very proper to observe some appearance of religion, we voluntarily give up the freedom of the body, to preserve that of the mind; and admit of some regulations and restrictions, which custom has established as indispensibly necessary to maintain the connections of social life.

BUT the body is full as rebellious as the mind, and has as strong an aversion to restraint; for which reason it has been found expedient to grant some degree of indulgence, to moderate between pleasure and strict virtue, and to make a compromise between the severer duties, and most prevailing passions.

To form this alliance, and strengthen it by

the

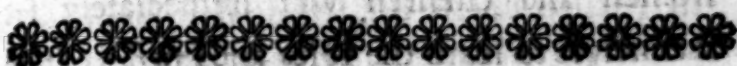
the firmest tie, the word HONOUR was introduced; a word very much the favourite of virtue, and so enchanting in its sound, that vice could make no objection. She consented; but on these conditions, that she should have a due proportion of advantage; and if it was allowed to heighten many virtues, it should likewise be permitted to cover almost an equal degree of vice. Thus it is made to serve both as a cordial and palliative; it exalts the character of virtue, and takes off from the deformity of vice. But the mixture is so unnatural, that the poison gets the better of the medicine; and if some strong antidote is not speedily applied, all the humours will be vitiated, and the whole mass corrupted.

No person who is any ways conversant in antiquity can be ignorant of the allegorical situation of the temples of VIRTUE and HONOUR at Rome. They were so placed, that there was no entrance into the latter, but through the former; which has given rise to a very beautiful thought in Cicero's first oration against Verres. Both these temples were built by Marcellus, whose original design was to have placed the two goddesses in one temple:

but

but the priests, who are always for extending the plan of ceremonial religion, would not permit it; which obliged him to alter his first intention. But he pursued the meaning of it, by building two temples contiguous to each other, and in such a situation, that the only avenue to the temple of HONOUR should be through the temple of VIRTUE; leaving by this emblem a very elegant and useful lesson to posterity, that VIRTUE is the only direct road to HONOUR.

IT is impossible to have too great a regard and esteem for a man of strict HONOUR; but then let him prove his right to this title, by the whole tenor of his actions. Let him not hold some doctrines in high estimation, and reject others of equal importance: let him neither attempt to derive his character, or form his conduct from fashion or the opinion of others: let a true moral rectitude be the uniform rule of his actions; and a just praise and approbation will be their due reward.



NUMB. 167. THURSDAY, *March 11, 1756.*

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

**T**HE want of happiness has been the perpetual complaint of all ranks and conditions of men, from the beginning of the world to the present times: and at the rate they still go on, it is absolutely impossible that the complaint should cease. Happiness is a fruit always within their reach, but they will not give themselves the trouble to gather it. It is hourly at their doors as a friend, but they will not let it in. It solicits them in every shape, yet they reject its offers. Ignorance and indolence are its constant enemies.

MOST people have parts and application sufficient to learn the easy rules of Whist, Cribbage and Chess; and as soon as they are informed (what they little suspect, and will be delighted to hear) that happiness is a GAME, and a much greater and deeper one than even Pharo or Hazard, I make no doubt that men,  
women



women and children will immediately set themselves to learn the rules and finesses of this important PLAY.

WHEN they are satisfied it is a game that will be universally used in all companies in town and country, what mortal will be so stupid, as not to learn it in some degree of perfection? For who, without the greatest gratitude, can reflect upon the benevolence of nature, that has introduced felicity into the world, in the welcome and ever-fashionable guise of deep play, and high gaming?

THIS divine attainment could not have been annexed to books and learning; head-achs, perpetual reasonings, and fierce disputations, would have embarrassed every step: neither could it have been coupled to riches, which are ever attended with care and anxiety. If poverty and contentment had been the vehicles appropriated to convey it, a sickly calm would have stagnated all activity. Had it been given to political pursuits, how could it have been reconciled to the desultory sentiments of majorities and minorities? Therefore bountiful nature has annexed it to CARDS, and seasoned it to the palates of mankind, by the spirit  
of

of gaming, which she has almost equally infused into all her rational children.

Now as I have always professed myself a great friend and admirer of PLAY, I shall endeavour to lay down a few of the most certain rules, by which all persons may be instructed in the art of playing at this ROYAL GAME of HAPPINESS. And I am the more willing to promote the knowledge of this game, as it depends rather upon skill and address, than chance and fortune. It is not played with ever-dangerous dice, like Backgammon or Tricktrack; nor like Bragg, by audacity of countenance, and polite cozenage: and though, like Picquet, there is much putting out and taking in, yet every card is playable.

I AM elated with pleasure, when I consider that I am going to teach miserable mortals this great GAME; which, without vanity I may say, is making them a present of more than a sixth sense, and enabling them to exercise their five primary ones in the most delightful manner. I need not here expatiate upon the pleasures of PLAY, the first pastime of infancy, and the ultimate amusement of decrepid age; the faculty which most distinguishes the rational

from

from the brute creation ; that levels the lacquey with the prince, and the humble cinder wench with the stately duchess ; the cement of all true society, which, by discarding volumes of words, confines all wit, sense and language within the limits of half a score short and significant sentences. How admirable is the sagacity of the adepts ! or, in other words, the people of fashion ! who are perpetually taking into their hands, and dealing about most liberally, all that is desirable in the world ! For though the uneducated class of mortals may think a club is but a club, and a spade a spade, these exalted and illumined characters thoroughly comprehend, that clubs denote power, diamonds riches, spades industry, and hearts popularity and affections of every sort. From this consideration, I never enter a great apartment without being struck with solemnity and awe. I look upon the different contenders at each table, as so many mighty giants, tossing about with stupendous strength these glorious symbols of every thing valuable in the creation.

WHAT giggling miss shall hereafter presume to disturb these rites with more than female

male levity? What puny senator shall dare here to recollect the little politics of either house, the partial interests of insignificant islands and nations, whose comparative greatness is lost in such a scene; where every motion decides the fates of kings and queens, and every ordinary trick includes as much wisdom and address, as would set up a moderate politician, statesman, or minister? I consider these assemblies, as the great academies of education, and observe with pleasure, that all parents, guardians and husbands are bringing their families to town, for at least six months in the year, to take the advantage of these noble schools, and well instituted seminaries.

WHAT ideas must we form of the hospitable inhabitants of a great capital, where the houses and heads of the most respectable families are night after night devoted to public benefit and instruction! How much superior are these to the portico's, gardens, and philosophic schools, that rendered the names of Athens and Rome so greatly celebrated! Here our daughters are capacitated to marry the first prince that may happen to ask them, instead of falling the unhappy victims of the narrow domestic



domestic views of some neighbouring country gentleman. And here the married ladies are taught to pass the winter evenings without a yawn, even in the absence of their husbands. Here they collect that treasure of masculine knowledge, those elegant ideas and reflections, that wonderfully alleviate the solitude of the old family mansion, where, amidst the cawing of rooks, the murmuring of streams, and fragrant walks of flowering shrubs, they wait the return of winter with a philosophic composure.

BUT I am wandering from my purpose, and expatiating upon general PLAY, when I intended only to teach my new and great GAME of HAPPINESS, which will render the whole universe like one grand assembly or rout.

KNOW then, ye hence happy mortals ! that the game called HAPPINESS, is played with packs of cards, each pack consisting of three hundred and sixty five different cards ; the backs of which, instead of being white, are of a dusky sooty colour. Every seventh card is equivalent to a court card, of which there are fifty two in each pack ; and upon playing properly these court cards, the fortunate event

event of the game is thought greatly to depend.

It is played from one to any number of players. The game of one is the least entertaining: the game of two is much applauded by lookers on; but as a greater number must naturally give more variety to the game, a party of ten or a dozen is the most desirable set, though the players may be subject to many revokes. Great lovers of the game are indeed fond of sitting down to a crowded table; but it is generally observed, that an inattentive and slovenly manner of playing is too often the consequence. One pack of cards will last a considerable time, as may be conjectured from their sooty backs: inasmuch as the greatest players are seldom known to pay for more than three score and ten packs during the whole course of their lives.

THEY that have the most tricks win the largest division of the stake; but every player gets something, besides the great pleasure of playing, which is thought to be superlative.

THIS great GAME partakes of the excellencies of all other games. You are often piqued and repiqued, as at Picquet. You are  
sometime

sometimes beasted, as at Quadrille; often checked, as at Chess; put back, as at the game of Goose, and subject to nicks, after the manner of Hazard. It differs in one particular from all other games, viz. that the sharper is always sure to be over-matched, by the fair player.

It would fill a large volume, Mr. Fitz-Adam, to recount all the varieties of this truly ROYAL GAME; and already I am afraid of having transgressed the bounds of your paper: I shall therefore defer the rules I promised at the beginning of this letter to another opportunity, at which time I shall take care to make the meanest of your readers an adept at HAPPINESS.

I am,

SIR,

*Your most humble servant,*

I. T.

NUMB.



NUMB. 168. THURSDAY, *March* 18, 1756.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

EVERY disquisition that tends to remove the prejudices and enlighten the understandings of mankind, though it may chance to come from an obscure hand, will not be without its admirers and advocates in this learned and truly philosophical age. It is needless then to make any apology for desiring you to print this.

I SET out in life with a good share of medical skill, botany, chymistry, anatomy, and natural philosophy; in the last of which especially I excelled: seldom failing to investigate the efficient cause of any phenomenon: and being sensible of my own superior abilities, I never was so mean-spirited as to give up a disputed point. But from two or three failures in practice, when the medicines had not the effect I intended, and indeed once when they

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had,



had, in relieving a nymph at six months end from a disorder which would have lasted nine, my business and my fees began to fall short.

I MUST confess myself shocked to find merit so disregarded, and determined to search out what faculty there might be in the mind of man, that could induce him to treat with contempt and ingratitude any person who professed a design of serving him. This led me into moral inquiries, in which I soon made sufficient progress: and being persuaded that it was incumbent upon every rational member of society to communicate happiness, as far as his influence may extend, I kept not the result of my inquiries secret, but formed a club of the thinking part of my acquaintance, to whom with the greatest freedom I imparted my speculations; and, in spite of prejudice, inculcated many important truths. These I once thought of making more public from the press; but there is no necessity for it, seeing the noble and better sort of philosophers are confessedly of my opinion, and discard with one voice all that metaphysical jargon, which would persuade us to believe the immateriality of the soul, and a future state. Our sentiments

ments are calculated universally to promote human felicity, as they free the mind from any terrors and disagreeable apprehensions. It certainly then becomes the duty of every one who would be deemed benevolent, to propagate, as far as possible, principles of such manifest utility. But we must expect opposition to this salutary design, from those who make a gain of the prejudices of the world. They will never be so disinterested as easily to forego the great emoluments arising thence. And perhaps some thinking men (since moral virtues are indispensibly necessary to the well-being of the community) may judge it not quite so proper to loose the vulgar at once from all ties, except such as arise from the inherent rectitude or depravity of actions.

I HAVE a scheme to obviate this, to which no rational objection can be made. I acknowledge myself indebted to an ingenious Spanish author for the first hint; but as he did not pursue his reasoning so far, either for want of abilities, or through fear of the inquisition, I may justly assume to myself the merit of the invention. This author tells us, “Phy-

“ ment of the brain hath in making a man  
 “ wise and prudent, have invented a cer-  
 “ tain medicine, composed in such a man-  
 “ ner, and replete with such qualities, that  
 “ being taken in proper doses, it renders a  
 “ man capable of reasoning better than he  
 “ could before. They call it the confection  
 “ of wisdom.” Now if there is a medical  
 composition known (as from this authority  
 we have sufficient reason to believe) that will  
 improve the rational faculties, and illumine  
 the understanding, we may with equal truth  
 assert, there are to be found medicines which  
 will curb the passions, those great obstacles to  
 moral virtue, and make men live according to  
 the fitness of things.

THE thinking part of man being allowed  
 to be a modification of matter, it must be sup-  
 posed to be a part of the body; at least it is so  
 strictly united and adherent to it, that in all  
 things it suffers with, and cannot by any argu-  
 ments of reason be proved capable of existing  
 without it. Hence it will indisputably follow,  
 that all the powers of the mind, even the mo-  
 ral faculties, are inseparably connected with  
 the temperament and habit of that body, of  
 which

which she is part. Inſomuch that prudence (the foundation of all morality) as well as juſtice, fortitude and temperance (the other cardinal virtues) and their oppoſites, entirely depend upon the conſtitution. It will therefore become the province of the phyſician to extirpate the vicious habits of mankind, and introduce the contrary; to ſuppreſs luxury, and create chaſtity; to make the fooliſh prudent, the proud humble, the avaricious liberal, and the coward valiant. And all this is eaſy to be done, by the aſſiſtance of alterative medicines, and by a properly adapted regimen, that ſhall be perfective of each virtue, and repugnant to each vice.

IN confirmation of my ſentiments, I could quote the fathers of phyſic, Hippocrates and Galen, as well as Plato and Ariſtotle, the chief of philoſophers. But an example will be of more real authority than a multiplicity of quotations. Man will be impelled to act by thoſe appetites, good or bad, which ariſe from the habit of his conſtitution: the phyſician then who can alter his conſtitution, may make the vicious become virtuous. And



moral philosophers greatly err, when they do not avail themselves of the science of medicine, which only by changing the temperament of the body, will force the mind to relish virtue, and distaste vice. If a moralist undertakes to reform a luxurious person, who gives himself up to high living and lascivious indulgences, by treating him according to the rules of his art, what means would he use to instill the principles of temperance and chastity, that they should take such deep root in the mind, as constantly and uniformly to influence his conduct? He will set out by shewing him the deformity of intemperance and debauchery, and enumerating all that train of evils which proceed from such courses: and if the patient has not entirely got over the prejudices of a superstitious education, he will endeavour to fright him by a terrible detail of those inexpressible miseries his soul is in danger of suffering hereafter, if death should surprize him without giving him time to repent and forsake his debaucheries. After this he will advise him to fast and pray, sleep little, and avoid the company of women; and perhaps to wear  
hair-

hair-cloth, to macerate his body by rigorous austerities, and keep it under by bloody discipline. These methods, if he continues long to practise them, will render him pallid and feeble, and so far different from what he was, that instead of running after women, and placing his *summum bonum* in good eating and drinking, he will scarce bear to hear a female mentioned, and nauseate the very thoughts of a sumptuous entertainment. The moralist seeing the man so changed, will be apt to impute the whole to his art, and suppose the habits of temperance and chastity come from I know not whence, and are the effect of his ratiocination. The physician knows the contrary, and is fully sensible they proceed from the languid and debilitated state of the body: for if this be restored to its pristine vigour, the patient would soon return to his old practices of excess and riot. Daily experience must convince us of this. What we have proved of luxury and chastity, will in the same manner hold good with regard to all other vices and virtues; because each has its proper temperament of body peculiarly adapted to it.

Bleeding then and blistering, cupping and purging may be usefully administered in mental as well as corporal disorders. A brisk salivation may cure the mind and body both of a venereal taint; and a strong emetic may have a more salutiferous effect, than barely cleansing the stomach of an epicure.

I COULD add many more instances, but have already said enough to evince the rationality and practicability of my scheme; and being determined not to lose the honour of my inventions, I do not care to discover too much, lest some paltry plagiarist should, with some little variation, obtrude them upon the world as his own. I have with great labour and thought reduced the whole to a complete system, and am compiling a didactic treatise of all the vices incident to human nature, and their different degrees, with the symptoms prognostic and diagnostic, the curatory indications, and a proper dietetic regimen to be observed in all cases. The whole will be comprized in ten volumes folio; and when the work is quite ready for the press, I may perhaps venture to publish proposals more at large, with a specimen

men annexed. But as your paper is generally well received by good company, I thought this would be no improper method of communicating the first hint of my design, that I might judge from what the intelligent say of this, how they will relish the larger work of

SIR,

*Your humble servant,*

ACADEMICUS.



NUMB. 169. THURSDAY, *March 25, 1756.*

THE following letters have lain by me some time. The writers of them will I hope, excuse me for the delay, and for the few alterations, which I judged it necessary to make in them.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

IN a late paper, you have declared absolutely against total nakedness in our sex, and by

M 5

others



others you have given us to understand that we are very impolitic in our late near approaches to it: for that while we are leaving little or nothing for imagination to exercise itself upon, or for curiosity to desire, we are certainly losing our hold upon the men. But I cannot say that since I have *undressed* myself to the utmost extent of the fashion, I have fewer *admirers* than when I appeared like a modest woman; though, to confess the truth, have had but one since, that has not plainly discovered a thorough aversion to marriage; and him I imprudently lost, by granting to his importunity the full display of my whole person: indeed the argument he used was so extremely reasonable, that I knew not how to object to it; and whilst he pleaded with the utmost tenderness, that what he requested as a tribute to love, was but *a very little more* than what I daily lavished indiscriminately on every eye, I had not the confidence to deny him.

Now, Mr. Fitz-Adam, as I think it not improbable, by the advances the ladies have made this winter towards complete nakedness, that as the summer comes on, they will en-

cline to throw off all covering whatsoever, I have thought proper to set before them the untoward effect which I have experienced from leaving nothing to discover. I can assure them as an important truth, that if they have a desire to retain even any admirers, they must stop where they are, and uncover no farther; or if they aim at getting husbands, they will do wisely to conceal, and reserve among the acquisitions to be obtained only by marriage, a great deal which they now shew, to no other purpose than the defeating their own schemes.

GIVE me leave, sir, to conclude this letter with a short transcript from an author, who I believe is not unknown to you, and who has taken some pains to instruct the ladies in this particular point.

*THE maid, who modestly conceals  
Her beauties, while she hides, reveals.  
Give but a glimpse, and FANCY draws  
Whate'er the Grecian Venus was.  
From Eve's first fig-leaf to brocade,  
All dress was meant for FANCY'S aid,  
Which evermore delighted dwells  
On what the bashful nymph conceals.*

*When*

*When Cælia struts in man's attire,  
She shews too much to raise desire;  
But from the hoop's bewitching round,  
Her very shoe has pow'r to wound.*

I am,

SIR,

*Your most humble servant,*

S. B.

MR. FITZ-ADAM,

IN this free and communicative age, in which business of almost all kinds is transacted by advertisements, it is not uncommon to see wives and milch-asses, stolen horses and strayed hearts, promiscuously advertised in one and the same paper. It is a curious, and frequently an entertaining medley: but amidst all the remarkable advertisements I have lately seen, I think the following by far the most curious; and for that reason, I desire it may be made still more public than it is already by appearing in the WORLD.

“WANTED

“ W A N T E D ”

“ A CURATE at Beccles in Suffolk. En-  
 “ quire farther of Mr. Strutt, Cambridge and  
 “ Yarmouth carrier, who inns at the Crown,  
 “ the corner of Jesus lane Cambridge.

“ N. B. To be spoke with from Friday  
 “ noon to Saturday morning nine o’ clock.”

I HAVE transcribed this from a news-paper,  
 Mr. Fitz-Adam, verbatim et literatim, and  
 must confess I look upon it as a curiosity. It  
 would certainly be entertaining to hear the  
 conversation between Mr. Strutt, Cambridge  
 and Yarmouth carrier, and the curate who of-  
 fers himself. Questionless Mr. Strutt has his  
 orders to enquire into the young candidate’s  
 qualifications, and to make his report to the  
 advertising rector, before he agrees upon  
 terms with him. But what principally de-  
 serves our observation is, the propriety of re-  
 ferring us to a person who traffics constantly  
 to that great mart of young divines, Cam-  
 bridge. The advertiser might there expect num-  
 bers to flock to the person he employed, who  
 (by the way) might have been somebody more  
 like a gentleman (no disparagement to Mr.  
 Strutt, I know him not) than a Yarmouth  
 carrier.



carrier. It is pleasant too to observe the N. B. at the end of the advertisement; it carries with it an air of significance enough to intimidate a young divine, who might possibly have been so bold as to have put himself on an equal footing with this negotiator, if he had not known that he was only to be spoke with at stated hours.

THERE are some of us laymen (You, I dare say, Mr. Fitz-Adam among the rest) who are old-fashioned enough to have some respect for the clergy: it does not therefore give us any pleasure to see them thus advertised like barbers journeymen.

BUT why did not the advertiser mention expressly the qualifications he expected in his curate? That would have saved much trouble and altercation between his prolocutor and the young divine. I will have done, however, with this particular advertisement, and leave the whole to your animadversion; only desiring that you would order under your own hand, that from henceforth all advertisements for curates should be worded in the following manner.

“WANTED

“ W H A N T E D  
 “ A CURATE at \*\*\*. He must be one  
 “ that can play at Back-gammon, and will  
 “ be willing to receive five-and-twenty pounds  
 “ a year for doing the whole duty of a parish,  
 “ while his rector receives two hundred for  
 “ doing none of it. He must keep what com-  
 “ pany, and preach what doctrine his rector  
 “ pleases, &c. &c. &c. Whoever will com-  
 “ ply with these reasonable terms, may apply  
 “ to \*\*\*, inn-keeper at \*\*\*, for full in-  
 “ formation.”

I am

SIR,

*Yours,*

L. L.

MR. FITZ-ADAM,

IT is with pleasure that I see you less ad-  
 dicted to dreaming than most of your prede-  
 cessors: to say the truth, I have seldom found  
 you enclined to nod; though without any dis-  
 paragement

paragement to you, your betters and elders have sometimes slept in a much shorter work.

*Aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus*, was what I told my school-master, when he whipt me for sleeping over my book.

LIFE has been often called a dream; nay, we are told of some old Grecians, who used to be always in doubt whether they were asleep or awake. Indeed the number of waking dreamers that are daily exhibiting themselves in this metropolis is inconceivable: even the pulpit is not free from them. The first time I ever heard the character of a dreamer given to a preacher, was on the following occasion. A reader to a country cure took a printed sermon of an eminent divine into the pulpit with him to preach; unfortunately it happened to be a farewell sermon. The young gentleman began with acquainting the people that he was then going to leave them. As they had never received the least hint of this before, they were a good deal surprized; but when he concluded with telling them that he had been exhorting them with all diligence for sixteen years (when he had hardly been with them as many weeks) and talked of his high dignity in the church,

church, some of the congregation said he was mad, most of them that he was dreaming.

I COULD wish indeed that these dreamers in the pulpit would contrive to dream their own dreams, or that they would take care not to convert the serious thoughts of others into something more absurd than dreams, for want of reading beforehand what they would be supposed to deliver as their own compositions. It is by way of hint to such dreamers that I have told this story, which being the principal purpose of my letter, I shall add no more than that

I am,

SIR,

*Your most humble servant,*

A. S.

NUMB.





NUMB. 170. THURSDAY, April 1, 1756.

*Post mortem nobilitari volunt.* CICERO.

**T**AKING my walk of observation the other day, as is often my custom, I was led by the course of my tour into one of our famous hospitals. The magnificence of the building, the order and regularity of the household, the multitude that were received, and their several accommodations, threw me naturally into a very pleasing contemplation on the extensive charity of my good countrymen. From one of these endowed habitations I was carried on to another, till I believe I made myself acquainted with all the public edifices of this nature, that this large and opulent city abounds with. Some of them I found of royal and very ample foundation, others raised and maintained by a single and munificent family, others by a joint act of the whole people; all, however, noble in their purposes, and admirably adapted for the particular uses

to

to which they were distinctly appropriated. I admired throughout the number of inhabitants thus perfectly provided for in every stage of their conditions, together with the continual increase of the fund which must support such an addition of charges, as I observed by the augmentation of apartments, and decorations of more cost, perhaps, than utility. Charity, thought I, works in secret; and these matters are of course hidden from me. But happening to turn myself on one side of the chamber, I discovered two or three long tablets, with several names inscribed in large golden characters, which in my simplicity I took for the votive histories of the poor, who had felt the efficacy of relief under these merciful manifestations: but upon a nearer inspection I found them to be no other than an enumeration of the very worthy and pious persons of both sexes, who annually or occasionally afforded what it pleased them in their liberality to bestow.

I WAS resolved, since chance had thrown so much information in my way, to peruse, against my custom, the accounts of other families; which practice, however, I thought  
the

the less impertinent, as I could perceive no other end in their being placed there. Here I discovered a contribution that did honour indeed to the names that were annexed to it, and would have done so to the greatest. The immense sums notwithstanding that were adjoined to the names of several private persons, larger than I could have suspected to be within their power, raised my curiosity enough to make a farther inquiry into the history of some of these very liberal donors. Two of them I accordingly pitched upon to be the subject of my investigation, as they stood upon the list; the one a maiden lady, who bequeathed at her death five thousand pounds to the poor of this house: the other, an old gentleman who had settled, after his decease, his whole estate upon them for ever.

THE good lady's story cannot be better known than by a letter which I received, in the course of my enquiry, from her nephew, who with three sisters had retired in sorrow at their aunt's death to a country village, in the northern parts of this kingdom: it is written with such plainness and simplicity, and is so much suited to the circumstances of the writer, that

that I own myself much captivated with my rural correspondent. The letter is this.

SIR,

IT is neither our inclination, nor I am sure our interest, to conceal any thing from you, who have taken so much generous pains in our service. Your offers are received by us all most thankfully; but you are misinformed as to the hundred pounds: for my late aunt has left every shilling to the hospital, after her funeral expences were discharged, which amounted to a good deal, as she was whimsical in many articles that related to her burial. How she passed us by in this manner, is still a matter of wonder and perplexity to us, as she continued to the very day of her death to declare that she had no-body to look upon, this side of heaven, but her dear nephew and nieces. She was accounted always a vain woman; but we thought her very religious, especially as she began to decline. For some months before she died, she never missed morning or evening service throughout the week, besides her private devotion in her own house, at which none of the family were suffered



ferred to be present. The minister and she would sometimes stay two or three hours together. She used often to discourse upon charity, and said she loved the poor, though I do not remember to have seen her bestow any alms whilst I lived with her; which surprized us the more that she should leave all to them at her death. She has given them her picture too, with orders that it should be hung over the great door of the chapel. Remember, sir, it is by your own desire I collect these trifling particulars, that concern ourselves only, and the memory of so fantastical and unjust a woman; for such I must call her, notwithstanding I assure you I am perfectly and contentedly resigned to my lot.

I am, &c.

It was with great difficulty I could learn any thing relating to the old gentleman, who is mentioned to have disposed of his whole estate in this manner. Those of his blood and nearest kindred had betaken themselves to the lowest supports which employment affords to the miserable, and were either dispersed in the navy, or in such stations, that all enquiries

of

of this sort were fruitless. The very name was obliterated every where, except where it pointed out the disposal of a very considerable fortune. All I could gather of him was, that he had increased a very good paternal inheritance by every art of thriving in trade, that is safely practicable; that he was always called in the city, a hard money-getting man; and that he had left his brothers, sisters and grandchildren to make their way without the least provision or assistance. There was a statue erecting for him, I found by his own orders, in the hospital.

THUS ended my pursuit, which I quitted with as much eagerness as it was undertaken. I was displeased over and over with myself at my search, and wished for that tranquillity of mind, which is always the portion of a happy ignorance. The stream, as I viewed it, was clear; and it is certain I went out of my way to look at the fountain. The generosity I at first contemplated with rapture, was now exchanged for the disgust I felt at pride and injustice. Were strokes indeed of this nature not so severe in their effect, there is something so ridiculous in these ostentatious charities, and  
such

such an absurdity in appropriations of this sort, under the circumstances I have described, that I confess I could indulge a less serious reflection at the examination of them:

THE two originals above, have many counterparts in this nation; persons who are frequently so very charitable as to reduce their whole families to beggary. The raising a church, or endowing an hospital, are the two main objects of an elderly sinner's piety; and no matter by what means, so that the end be but accomplished. This is such a compendious way of discharging all the duties of life at once, and at the expence only of what there is no possibility of retaining any longer, that no wonder these sponges of charity are in so much use at some certain periods, and at such alone.

I WOULD not dwell upon errors which I thought incorrigible, or endeavour to discover causes without hopes of amending the effects; but I am really of opinion that the grievances here set forth, owe their birth chiefly to a few mistakes, which my acceptance of the word charity inclines me very much to rectify, for the service especially of these pious and liberal benefactors:

benefactors: for such I make no question many of them are, only, as I have said before, they are unfortunate enough to lie under some mistakes. In the first place therefore, I shall venture to lay it down as a maxim, that there is no such thing as posthumous charity. There may be equity, and there may be propriety, in a last designation of earthly goods, but real or intrinsic generosity or benevolence there can be none.

— *Quo more pyris vefci Calaber jubet hospes.*

IT is a modern supposition, nourished by hope and weakness, that leads people to reckon upon an act, that does not take place whilst they are alive. I do not remember that any one of the apostles, the preachers and examples of every social obligation, enforced ever the duty of testamentary acts of goodness: nor did David set apart a charge upon the revenue his son was to enjoy after him, towards building a temple, which he found was not to be the glory of his own reign.

ANOTHER error, which I hope to set right, arises from the general idea of poverty, which



seems not to be very well settled. The poor under your eye, and the poor unborn, stand in a very different relation of indigence together. Thus a crippled pennyless sister, or an infirm cousin, are thought by no means equal objects of bounty with the future offspring of a future beggar. All that I have to say to a persuasion of this sort, is, that I will affirm, a relation or dependent left to starve, is in every article as true a beggar as any between St. Paul's and St. Peter's. Upon the whole, since money has no currency on the other side of the grave, and no real value but in its application on this, I could wish the last disposition of it were a little better considered. It is but reasonable surely, to expect that those who do no good with it whilst they live, should do less mischief with it when they die.

\* \*

NUMB. 171. THURSDAY, *April 8, 1756.*

**T**HERE is no privilege of which an Englishman is so jealous, nor for which he so highly values the constitution of his country, as the liberty that is allowed him, not only of thinking as he pleases, but of generously communicating his thoughts to the public. This glorious charter, limited as it is, and ought to be, by wholesome laws, has infinite advantages derived from it; particularly as it tends to cultivate the liberal arts, and helps to carry on the great work of science. But whether it is always for the improvement of our taste, any more than of our morals, that we should be allowed to realize our sentiments, especially where the object falls immediately under the public eye, is a question that may perhaps admit of a debate.

Thus, for instance, if an ingenious gentleman, for the greater embellishment of his private library, should think proper to erect the head, or even the entire figure of a shak-

ing Mandarin, between the busts of Tully and Demosthenes, or to exalt the divinities of Pekin to the same degree of honour in his gallery, that he has already paid to the Grecian Venus and Apollo, it would be an infringement upon British liberty to check his devotion. But if the same innovating taste should intrude upon the muses' shrine in our public seats of learning, I should wish for some authority to stop so sacrilegious an attempt.

THE same care should extend even to our amusements: I do not mean to debar any of them from their right of appearing as often as their patrons please to call for them; I would only assign them the proper limits of time and place, and prevent their bringing any confusion upon themselves and others. It is certainly very just, that Harlequin should flourish with his dagger of lath, and invert the order of nature whenever he finds it necessary; but though I am delighted with the ingenuity of my party-coloured friend, it would grieve me to see him so far mistake his talents, as to introduce himself very familiarly into the company of Shakespear and Johnson.

To carry this observation a little higher, I  
think

think any one of our public entertainments, that more peculiarly belongs to the refined part of the world, should be preserved from any alloying mixture, that may sink and debase its value, or make us look upon its standard below the original worth that it pretends to claim. It is upon this account, that I cannot enough lament the present state of our Italian opera, which seems to be continually declining, without any friendly hand to interpose, which might restore it to its native purity, or preserve it from total decay. But before this kind reformer can be met with, or if any such should appear, before his endeavours could hope for any success, it will be proper to examine our own taste, to find whether it will stand the trial, and whether we should not think his care very impertinent and ill applied.

AT present our attention seems to be so entirely fixed upon AIR, that we think nothing enhances the value of an opera so much, as allowing the performers to introduce their own favourite songs at pleasure; and this elegant assortment, selected from drama's of opposite subjects, written by poets of irreconcil-



able geniusses, and set to music by composers of contrary feelings, is served up to our inexpressible satisfaction, and eagerly devoured under the modish title of a PASTICCIO.

If I may be permitted to enter into a serious disquisition of this entertainment, after what I have said of it in a former paper, I must beg leave to observe, that the Italian opera carries much more meaning in it, than one part of its audience is possibly aware of, and many of the other part are willing to allow; but it is therefore necessary to chuse Metastasio for the poet, upon whose single merit this species of drama must stand or fall.

AND here, notwithstanding the laudable partiality which directs us to give the palm to our own country-men, it must be confessed that this foreigner has at least as good a title to it as any English tragedian of this century; and if (like them too) he has not the advantage of striking out much that is new, he has the happiness of throwing an air of novelty upon the sentiments which he adopts, by the agreeable dress he gives them, and the advantageous point of view in which they were placed.

IT would be exceeding the bounds of this  
paper

paper to dwell upon every peculiar excellency; but it is no more than justice to enter into a fair examination, and, without any invidious comparison, to enquire whether his thoughts are not as pure and as classical, his language as expressive and poetical, his characters as distinctly marked, as strongly supported, and as judiciously finished, his conduct of the drama as well carried on, and leading as clearly to the grand catastrophe, as those among the most admired of our modern writers. In the last circumstance he has a difficulty in his way, which the ablest hand would sometimes be at a loss to remove: as the nature of this work requires every thing to be brought to a happy conclusion, it cannot but be observed with how masterly a step he deviates from the true to the feigned event, without confusion, or swerving from the intention of his original plan.

BUT it is not sufficient to examine Metastasio's pretensions by the common rules of criticism; there is much more required of him than of the ordinary tragic poet; not only as he is confined to the measure of three acts, but even those must be concisely managed, to avoid the drowziness of a weary recitative.

His dialogue therefore, and even his narration, is short as it is clear; a significant expression, sometimes a single word, conveys a whole sentiment, and that without leaving room for doubt, or throwing the least obscurity. His soliloquies, where the composer has an opportunity of introducing the accompanied recitative, perhaps the most noble part of an opera, are not only distinguished by the finest touches of poetry, but abound in all that variety and transition of passions, which naturally work in the human mind, when it is wrought up to the height of its distress. His songs and chorusses, where all the power of music ought to combine, are made up of sentiment; these indeed are so finely imagined, and finished with so happy an elegance, that perhaps they would not suffer even by appearing among the ancient Lyric writers.

If this be true of our poet (and surely it is but justice to allow him this) let us bring him upon the stage, attended as he ought. And here it is not enough, that the composer be thoroughly skilled in all the art of music, and feel the whole force of it, but he must partake of the poet's spirit, catch the flame through every

every scene, and be so far wrapt in the genius of his author, as to preserve the same cast of sentiment through the whole work. This indeed is so necessary an attention to his character, that a single composer, though but of the second class, who shall follow him with affection, and enter into a social feeling with him as far as he is capable, will do him more justice, than a suite of the ablest masters at his heels, who perform their alternate services, and consider his ideas separately, without having regard to the union and harmony of the whole.

BUT let the poet, and his attendant harmonist be ever so happily united, there is still a reasoning, but perhaps not the most feeling part of mankind, who will by no means allow the opera any dramatic merit, and consequently deprive it at once of its distinguishing worth. Their judgment, it seems, is irreparably hurt, in finding heroes conquering, rivals contending, lovers despairing to the sound of music; and they cannot reconcile it to their senses, that people who seem discoursing upon very interesting subjects, should be obliged to do it by time and measure. The learned among



these will probably meet with an apology, from something similar upon the Grecian stage, and the others will do well to consider whether they are not literal critics in music, as grammarians are in learning; perhaps they cannot separate from harmony the idea of fiddle-strings and pipes, any more than these can from language the invariable chime of adverb, conjunction and preposition; whereas the music we are speaking of is the voice of nature, in her various accents of joy, grief, rage, lamentation, pity, or despair. The notes indeed are divested of their wildness, have their temperaments, cadences, and limits; but they seem to be no other than the laws which nature has set them, and their bounds are too nicely concealed to have the appearance of borrowing any thing from art.

A DISTINGUISHING ear, or rather a feeling heart, that yields to the impression which a noble accompaniment carries with it, will be so far from calling off his attention from the principal part, or considering the additional harmony as the effect of mechanic art, that it will more intimately strike him as a sympathetic sense, which arises in the mind itself, unconnected

ned and independent of any assistance from without. Even those whose ideas are less abstracted, but who have souls prepared for the reception of harmony, when they hear from the orchestra the animating strains, or dying falls, as Shakespear expresses it, will, without any critical reflections, consider them as having the same effect upon the ear, as a well painted scene upon the eye, where that man would surely wrong his imagination much, who instead of indulging it in the supposed reality of rocks, woods and rivers, should check his feeling at once, and consider every thing before him merely as canvas and colours.

If these observations are at all founded upon truth, an opera, well conducted, must be one of the noblest representations that lies within the reach of mimic art, and consequently there cannot be too much care and attention employed to produce it with every advantage. How this will best be effected, may perhaps be worth the enquiry; but it can only be so upon a supposition that the thing itself has really a great share of that merit which it pretends to assume. There cannot indeed be a stronger ridicule than to give an air of importance

ance to amusements, if they are in themselves contemptible and void of real taste; but if they are the object and care of the judicious and polite, and really deserve that distinction, the conduct of them is certainly of consequence, as that alone will determine the public approbation, and by that only their patrons can preside over them with dignity.



NUMB. 172. THURSDAY, *April 15, 1756.*

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

THE impatience of the public to be farther instructed in the ROYAL GAME of HAPPINESS, has no doubt been very great, since your publication of my letter on that subject, the 11th of last month: for where the stake is so considerable, the desire of playing the game to the best advantage must needs be excessive; and where the cards are so numerous (though the generality of players think them too few) the address required must be almost infinite.

HAD

HAD it not been for this truly entertaining game, Adam and Eve, with all their innocence, had passed their hours but dully even in paradise. Before the fall, they played the game in its original purity, and with the utmost skill; afterwards indeed they were guilty of many revokes and oversights, as were their immediate descendants, though they consumed an immense quantity of packs of cards. Methusalem spent more time at the game than any man; but with what success is not absolutely certain. Tradition, with tolerable exactness, handed down the rules of play from father to son, to the death of Solomon, who in his younger years was a great lover of this game: it afterwards became various and uncertain, by the novelties and innovations that were every where introduced into it. In France one method of play has obtained; in England another: in Japan it is played very different from what it is in Peru.

FROM the corruption of this ROYAL GAME of HAPPINESS are derived all our modern games; and so fond are we of these inventions, that the true old game is almost imperceptibly forgotten. Happy is it therefore for the world  
and



and me, that neither the splendid honours of the bar, the reverend dignities of the church, the profound researches of physic, nor the aerial castle of politics, have diverted my attention from the more honourable and useful investigation of the long-lost rules of this ROYAL GAME of HAPPINESS.

WHEN I considered that every science has its mystery, that chymistry has its philosopher's stone, geometry its quadrature of the circle, astronomy its longitude, mechanics its perpetual motion, and natural philosophy its gravitation, it soon occurred to me that social life must likewise have its occult mystery, which, like a key-stone in architecture, sustains and supports the whole edifice. When I considered the various and general principles of animated life, I plainly perceived that PLAY was the great pervading power, from the leviathan that sporteth in the waters, to the microscopic insect that wantons invisibly in the air. When I considered that the mighty fabric of the universe might only be a GREAT GAME, played at by superior existences, I was led to think that it was agreeable to the most reverential ideas of nature, to suppose that

that life was nothing else than PLAY. And when I likewise considered that the passion for gaming was universally predominant in mankind; that it was the natural remedy for all cares, and the only amusement of the irksome hours; I readily discovered that life was indeed nothing more than a certain term allotted to play at the ROYAL GAME of HAPPINESS.

As the great secret of this GAME depends principally upon the playing well the court cards, as soon as I shall have procured a patent for the sole and exclusive privilege of teaching (which I make no doubt of obtaining, by the favour of some great men, my particular friends, who have more than once pulled off their hats to me; and one in particular, who was so graciously condescending as to ask me one day what o' clock it was) I shall then take care to appoint under-teachers in every parish, to instruct the good people in the country in the best and properest manner of playing the seventh cards, which when they are thorough masters of, they will soon become perfect in playing the other cards.

HAVING in my former letter touched upon the general properties of the game, in compliance

pliance with my promise, I here subjoin the most necessary rules and directions for attaining a thorough knowledge of this ROYAL GAME.

**RULES and DIRECTIONS**  
*for playing at the*  
**ROYAL GAME of HAPPINESS.**

WHEN you begin a new game, recall to your memory the manner in which you played the foregoing one, that you may avoid a repetition of the same mistakes.

WHEN you have well considered the card you are about to play, play it with steadiness and composure; and be sure not to betray any suspicion of your own ignorance.

WHEN you shuffle or cut, do it above-board, to prevent any suspicion of deceit.

IF you have won a large share of the stake by playing a particular card well, be cautious of venturing it all on any single card in the same deal, unless you play a forced game.

WHETHER you play a small, or a great game, exert your best skill; and take care not [to discover the badness of your hand by peevishness or fretting.

OBSERVE

**OBSERVE** the play of others, and draw consequences from it for the improvement of your own game.

**IF** you play at court, remember to hold up your hand, and attend to the finesses of the place. If you play your cards well there, you may conclude yourself a tolerable master of the game.

**WHEN** you are in the country, play frequently with your neighbours and tenants; they generally play better than finer folks, and will greatly improve you in the plain rules of the game.

**AVOID** the general error of this game, of fancying that every body plays better at it than yourself.

**IF** you agree with a lady to go halves with her, the agreement once made, you are not at liberty afterwards to find fault with her game.

**WHOEVER** drops a card, loses it; and one card lost, is of very bad consequence in the game.

**WHEN** a card is once played, it can never be recalled.

**SELDOM** play from your own hand; you  
win



win most by playing into the hands of other people.

TEACH your children to play the game early, and be sure to put money in their card-purses: for if they wait for it till your death, it may be too late to learn the game.

GOOD humour is a more necessary requisite at this game than good sense; but where both are joined, success is almost certain.

THE greatest proficient in all other games, are the most ignorant of this: the best players are those that practise most in their own families.

KINGS and princes are generally strangers to the game, and their ministers want time to learn it.

GREAT dignitaries in the church, and most beneficed clergymen are too indolent to play at it in public; and their curates are forced to be lookers-on, for want of a sufficient allowance to pay for their cards.

POETS and authors have sometimes struck a bold stroke in the game; but of all men living they are the most liable to mistakes; and it is generally observable that the whole table is against them.

Most

MOST new-married couples are successful at first setting out; but before the whole pack is played, they commonly lose all attention to the game.

It is remarkable that young people play better than old; for avarice is the bane of the game.

I SHOULD be tempted, Mr. Fitz-Adam, to continue these my rules and observations, if I did not find myself running into length; and as it is my intention to publish very shortly a volume upon the subject, I shall trouble you no more at this time, than to assure you that I am,

SIR,

*Your most faithful*

*humble servant,*

I. T.

NUMB.



NUMB. 173. THURSDAY, *April 22, 1756.*

**I**T was the advice of an old friend of mine upon his death-bed to his son, who had been guilty of some enormous offences which he wished to keep concealed, that he should take care how he offered himself as a candidate for a seat in parliament; for that an opposition would be like dooms-day to him, when all his sins would be remembered and brought to light. This is generally the case at elections; the most secret actions of the candidates themselves are not only revealed, but the ashes of their ancestors are ransacked in the grave, to supply matter for scandal and defamation.

COMMON as this observation may be, it will enable us to account for all the malice and uncharitableness which we meet with in the world. We are all candidates for wealth, honour, or fame, and cannot bear that another should succeed in what ourselves have failed.

BUT why the spirit of defamation should be

fo

so frequently exerted against the dead, is a matter somewhat puzzling. Death, by putting an end to rivalship, should, one would think, put an end to all the animosities which arose from that rivalship; and the grave that buries the man, should bury also his failings. But according to Shakespear,

*The EVIL that men do, lives after them;*

*The GOOD is oft' interred with their bones.*

It is indeed very hard, that death which pays all other debts, should be able to make no composition with envy: yet so it is; and, excepting a late memorable instance, where the virtues of a great and good man were too glaring in his life to be forgotten at his death, I have scarcely known it to be otherwise. The ladies indeed, whom I am always ambitious of honouring, have too much gentleness and good-humour to defame the dead, especially their dead husbands. After burying the very worst in the world, it is usual with them on a second marriage with the best, to put them daily in mind of the complying dispositions and other virtues of their *poor dear first husband*.

HAPPY



HAPPY is it that the works of men of wit, learning and genius, have justice done them after their deaths; though I am apt to believe the merit we ascribe to them then, has its foundation in ill-nature; as by admiring the productions of the dead, we are enabled by the comparison, to condemn those of the living. We read the works of the former with a desire to find out beauties, and of the latter to discover faults. Our acquaintance with an author is another circumstance against him. We are too apt to connect the foibles of his life with what he writes; and if he has unfortunately wanted talents to shine in conversation, we are generally blind to the wit of his writings. The reasoning of an atheist in proof of first cause, or of a libertine for morality, is sure to be laughed at by those who know them; and it is only when a man's writings can be separated from his life, that they will be read with candour and impartiality. It may be observed farther, that in a country like ours, where party is apt to influence every thing, a man that professes himself openly on one side of the question, will never be allowed the least degree of merit by those on the other.

Of this the immortal Milton is a witness, whose attachments to Cromwell had thrown such a cloud over his abilities at the restoration, that the copy of the noblest poem in the world was not only sold for a mere trifle, but many years elapsed before it was discovered to be a work worth reading. Even Addison, whose Spectators and other essays are deservedly the admiration of all who read them, and by comparison with which it is a kind of fashion to condemn all other writings of the same kind, gives us to understand in his Spectator, number 542, and elsewhere in that work, that he met with as many cavillers as any of his successors.

I HAVE been led by these reflections seriously to consider what method an author ought to take, to secure to his writings the approbation of the public while he is still alive. It was the saying of doctor Radcliffe to a young physician, who asked him what he should do to get practice, "Turn atheist, and make yourself talked of." But though many a young physician may have availed himself of this advice, there are other practices that may succeed better with an author. Personal slander

der has always been esteemed a very excellent method, and so indeed has wantonness; but where both are happily blendid in the same work, as one sometimes sees them in very modern performances, they seldom fail of drawing the attention of the public. I have known nastiness attended with very happy effects, inasmuch as it frequently supplies the want of wit, and is sure of exciting the laugh in the genteelest companies. That the ladies are not displeased at it, is easy to be accounted for; nastiness is a stranger to them, and therefore entitled to their respect.

-BUT if an author unfortunately wants talents for this kind of writing, there is nothing left for him that I know of, but to die as fast as he can, that his works may survive him. But the disadvantage even in this case is, that common and natural deaths are but very little talked of; so that a man may give up the ghost to no manner of purpose: it is therefore most earnestly to be recommended to all authors who are ambitious of sudden and lasting fame, that they set about some device to get themselves hanged. The sessions paper is more universally read than any other of the  
I papers,

papers, and the deaths it records are more authentic and interesting. A good dying speech would be an excellent preface to an author's works, and make every body purchasers. An advertisement like the following could never fail of exciting curiosity.

" This day are published the poetical,  
 " moral, and entertaining works of Thomas  
 " Crambo, Esq; now under sentence of death  
 " in Newgate, for a rape and murder."

UNDER these circumstances indeed, an author may taste of fame before death, and take his leap from the cart, with this comfortable assurance, that he has embraced the only opportunity in his power of making a provision for his family.

IF it should be asked why the having committed a rape or a murder should raise the curiosity of the public to peruse the author's works, the answer is, that people who do spirited things, are supposed to write in a spirited manner. It is for this reason that we are so fond of the histories of warriors and great men, who, though they have happened to escape the gallows, have done something every day to shew that they deserved it.

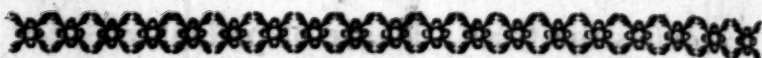


IT is indeed as much to be wondered at as lamented, that while every author knows how essential it is both to his fame and the support of his family to get himself hanged, that we do not see the words, EXECUTED AT TYBURN, always subjoined to his name in the title-page of his works. I hope it is not that authors have less regard for their families than other men that this is not usually the case : for as to the love of life, we cannot suppose them to be possessed of it in an equal degree with other people ; nor can they possibly be ignorant that the world will have a particular satisfaction in hearing that they have made so desirable an end.

As for myself, I am an old man, and have not spirit enough to engage in any of those enterprizes that would entitle my works to universal esteem. It was expected indeed, that when I declared in my first paper against meddling with religion, I would avow myself an atheist in the second ; but this is a discovery that I have not hitherto thought proper to make : nor have I by any strokes of personal abuse, lewdness or nastiness, endeavoured to introduce my papers into every family. And

to

to confess the truth, I have at present no designs of committing any capital offence, being, as I said before, too old to ravish, and having too tender a disposition to commit a murder. I shall therefore content myself with going on in the old way, and leave my writings to shift for themselves, without deputing the Ordinary of Newgate to publish an account of the birth, parentage, and education, the trial, confession, condemnation and execution of the author, together with a catalogue of the works he has left behind him.



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